HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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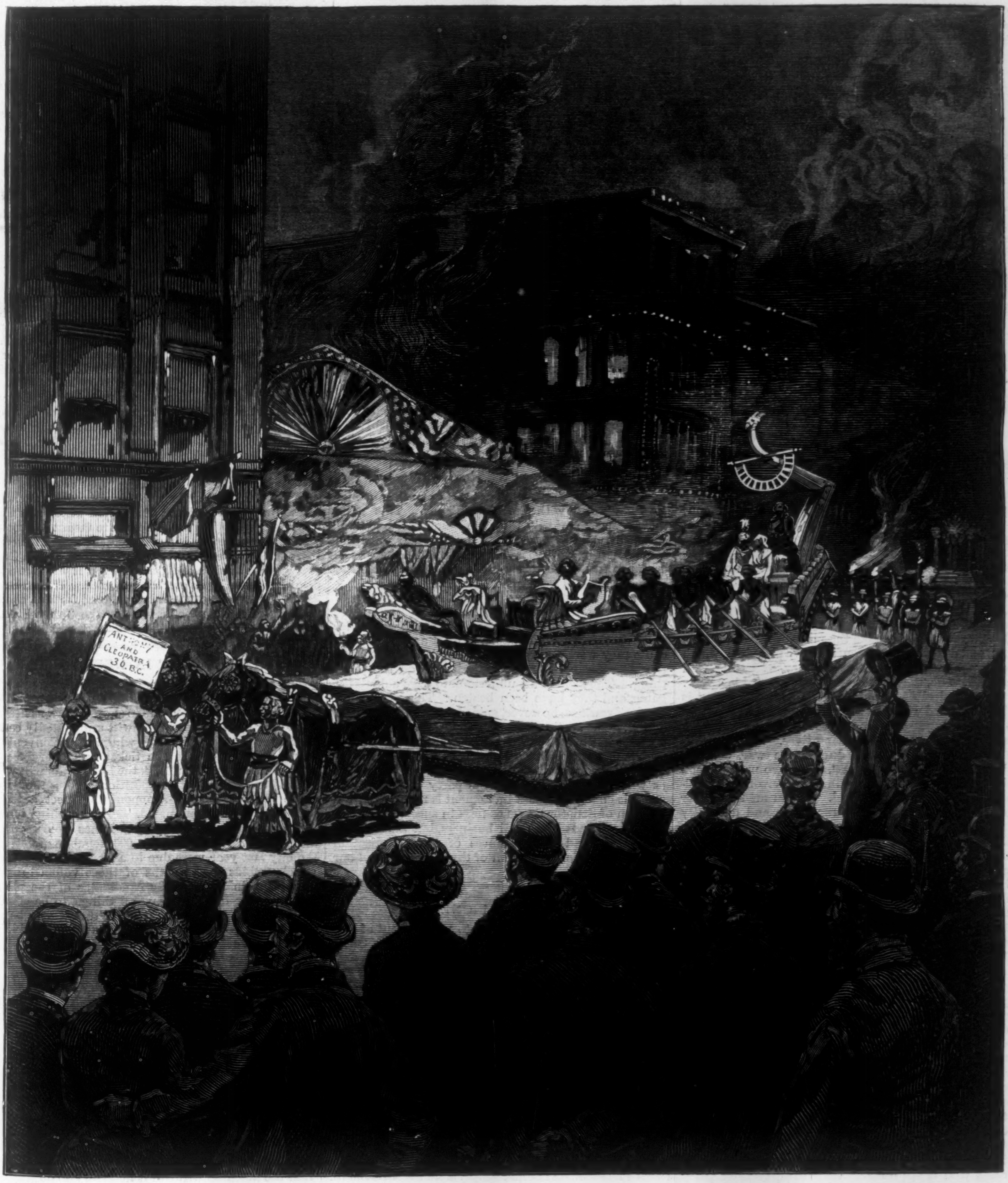
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA 30. B.C.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE CELEBRATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 22, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 103 of Harper's Young People, *issued October 18, contains, in addition to the two serials, a variety of interesting articles and stories, among which may be instanced a fascinating account of a little-known episode in our early history, entitled "The Story of the Negro Fort," with a capital illustration; an article on "Cameos," by* Barnet Phillips; *and a short but timely sketch of "A Forest Fire." The principal illustration in this number is a double-page picture founded on one of* Dickens's *most pathetic stories. Our Post-office Box will be found unusually interesting.*

☞ *A* Supplement *containing a double-page engraving from a drawing by* Howard Pyle, *entitled*

"THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS,"

is issued gratuitously with this number of Harper's Weekly.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to numerous inquiries, Harper & Brothers *beg leave to announce that the following numbers of* Harper's Weekly, *thirteen in all, giving a detailed account of the tragedy at Washington, from the assault at the railroad station to the burial at Cleveland, will be sent by mail, post paid, on the receipt of One Dollar: Special Edition, July 8, and Nos.* 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294. *The illustrations include portraits of the President, his wife and mother, and of the assassin.*

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE result of the elections in "the October States" shows that the political situation is unchanged. Notwithstanding the long possession of power by the Republican party, the Democratic party has been unable as yet to prove to the country that its true interests would be better promoted by Democratic success. Whatever the defects of Republican policy and the faults of Republican leaders may have been, the party has shown such willingness to rebuke such leaders and correct such defects that the country can as yet see no good reason for taking the risk of a radical change. It is not, as is urged by the Democratic journals, that Republicans hold up their party as a sacred institution, and teach that Democratic ascendency is synonymous with chaos and revolution, but that the Democratic party, where it is in local power and in its national opportunities, neither by its conduct nor its representatives commands general respect and trust. What good argument could be maintained in Ohio or Iowa that the State government should be taken from Republican and confided to Democratic hands? Unless the theory of our institutions be unsound, it was impossible for the farmer or the mechanic or the manufacturer in Ohio, for instance, to see that he would be better off if Mr. Bookwalter should take the place of Governor Foster, and upon the great conservative principle, which is always so strong in this country, of letting well enough alone, they have voted as they voted last year.

A great deal of "scratching" is reported. That is to be expected when, in the absence of immediate and overpowering issues, candidates are regarded more as individuals and less as representatives. In the famous election contest in Ohio during the war, between Brough and Vallandigham, those two names stood simply for Union and disunion. Personal considerations were wholly waived. Union men voted for one and disunion men for the other, and naturally an overwhelming Union majority was the result. But the great parties stand now mainly upon their traditions, and each skirmishes to obtain the possible advantage from new questions. No new question, however, has taken form so positively as to heave and divide the old parties, as the slavery question dissolved the old Whig and Democratic parties from 1850 to 1860. The Republican party is still the party of emancipation, Union, equal rights, honest money, a free vote, and a fair count; the Democratic party is still obscured by its wrong position upon all these primary and fundamental questions. Every year its platforms echo the Republican platforms of the preceding year, and its strongest claim to public confidence is that it accepts what it opposed, and affirms what it denied. Even in New York, should it carry the election of this year, the result would be due to want of Republican harmony, not to desire or preference of Democratic principles or policy. Such an event would be no indication that in a national election, when the two parties were tried upon their general character, the Democratic would be preferred.

It is, in fact, upon that general character that the two parties now stand. There are plenty of Democrats who chafe under "the record" of their party, and plenty of Republicans who denounce the evils and abuses that threaten their organization. These two dispositions were never more active than during the last administration. But when the direct issue was raised between the two, each side held its own, and the party of Union, equality, good faith, and honest elections prevailed. Practically the political situation is an armed truce. Each party criticises persons, and judges by the record. Neither advances great distinctive principles upon which it appeals for support. Upon such questions as the tariff, both wish to conciliate American labor; upon the problem of monopolies, both are emphatic and vague; upon the reform of the civil service, both are pronounced and positive. The Democratic platforms coquet with free trade, but nobody believes that the Democrats in power would seriously reduce the revenue raised by foreign duties. They "espouse" the "cause of the people" against monopolies, but nobody supposes that they would radically modify the laws of property. They demand reform in the civil service, but the eye dwells upon the action of the party where it is in power to detect the signs of its eagerness for reform, but dwells in vain. It is the general conviction that this is substantially the actual situation which holds the parties *in statu quo*. Members of both parties who are interested in the newer questions wait and hope to see their own party take the right position, and in the mean time they see no occasion to transfer their allegiance. In the mean time, also, the country continues peaceful and prosperous, and Republicans, under the auspices of whose party it has become so, naturally hope to see in the administration at Washington evidence that the palpable and pronounced spirit and desire of that party, as they have been unequivocally manifested during the last two years, are to continue to inspire the party councils and action.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE SENATE.

THE organization of the Senate has been a queer business. But the Democrats who insisted upon the pound of flesh can not complain. It was very foolish to use their majority—the accident of a day—to put themselves in the succession to the Presidency in case of the removal of the President, because, under the circumstances, all that a Democratic officer could do without national disturbance would be to maintain the *statu quo* until a new President should be elected. They unwisely sacrificed the prestige of their party for a merely apparent advantage, and must have expected the tables to be turned at the first opportunity. As for "duty," their only duty was to use their temporary majority wisely, and they used it foolishly.

Probably they did not expect that the opportunity to turn the tables would present itself so soon. But it appeared immediately in the decision of the Republicans to elect Senator David Davis as Mr. Bayard's successor. Mr. Davis did not vote at all, and Mr. Mahone voted with the Republicans. This gave them a surer majority than the Democrats had had, and will retain Senator Davis in the chair until the Republican majority is larger, or until the President *pro tem.* deliberately takes position against the Republicans.

The whole proceeding is amusing, but the most amusing part of it is that the Democrats are "estopped" from complaining. If it was their right, which, legally speaking, is undeniable, to elect a President because they were a majority, not less is it the right of the Republicans, being a majority, to do the same thing. The Democrats undertook to play a doubtful game, and they have been beaten. There is one serious advantage, however, gained by the Republican action. The spoils system is now demonstrated to be a direct incentive to crime whenever a change of offices is likely to follow a change of the appointing officer. This change is believed never to be so probable as when by a single death the party control of the spoils is changed. That incitement is removed by the election of Senator Davis as next in succession to the Presidency. It is a droll business, but all the considerations and circumstances of the organization should help the extirpation of the master evil of our politics.

CONTENTED PIONEERS.

"The American," referring to a movement of Don Benjamin Vicuna Mackenna, in the Senate of Chili, looking to the promotion of judges by seniority, says that it is just possible that Don Benjamin may have better fortune than has attended the pioneers of civil service reform in the United States. But it seems to us that those pioneers must be exceedingly unreasonable if they complain of ill fortune. No movement in the country of similar scope and importance has ever made such rapid progress. It is only fifteen years since Mr. Jenckes introduced his propositions in Congress, but, except by a few newspapers and magazines, the topic was hardly seriously discussed, and when President Grant surrendered to the chiefs of the spoils system, the whole matter was thought to be virtually at an end. Indeed, within the last year we have seen the most contemptuous announcements that President Hayes had simply slain the thrice slain.

Meanwhile, however, the seed was springing up a hundredfold. In the Interior Department, under Secretary Schurz, and in the two great custom-houses and post-offices of the country, the reformed system has been introduced with such success as to remind the business community that it had some interest in such offices, and stimulate them to ask the continuance of the reform. Reform associations are forming from Boston to San Francisco. An admirably drawn bill, providing for a general and gradual enforcement of a national system of appointment, has been introduced in the Senate, with a careful and conclusive report. Senators of both parties declare unreservedly for reform. No topic is more generally and earnestly discussed by the press. Men of the greatest weight in their several communities announce their conviction of the vital necessity of change. The Republicans of Massachusetts declare for a reformed system in detail. The Minnesota Republicans demand the abolition of office-holding assessments, the due separation of the executive and legislative departments of the government, and permanent examinations to determine fitness for appointment. The New York Convention promises support to the reform. The New York Conkling machine, the most powerful organization of the spoils abuse in the country, has been shattered by the rejection of Mr. Conkling's pitiful entreaty to be returned to the seat which he abandoned as a strategical act in his warfare upon constitutional and honest politics, and the action of the State Convention revealed the unanimity of the popular condemnation of him and the sole thing that he represents. The assassination of the late President, directly due to the spoils system, has opened all intelligent eyes to its inevitable perils, and the universal expression of the national and personal grief at his death was full of startling denunciation of the evils of the system which has slain him, and of resolution of reform. There is no doubt that the Garfield administration would have instituted a general and harmonious reformed method of minor appointment, and that the late President, as he said in his inaugural address, would have asked Congress to co-operate with the Executive in establishing it. There is as little doubt that public opinion demands that this purpose shall not be relaxed, and some kind of Congressional action may be fairly anticipated. In any event, at the next Congressional election candidates will be closely questioned as to their views upon this subject, and they will feel that evasion or hesitation will imperil their election.

It seems to us that the pioneers of civil service reform have as little reason to complain as any body of citizens especially interested in a great question ever had. Their appeal was, as every appeal for fundamental political reform in this country must be, to the good sense of the people, and the response has been not only swift, but amazing. The twaddle about school-ma'am tests and aristocracies has been silenced in the indignant outburst of a nation which sees that it is the system that such sneers are meant to protect which has murdered the President. Confessedly there is no graver issue before the country. No Convention can avoid a declaration upon it without condemning itself by its startling silence. If Don Benjamin Vicuna Mackenna has as good fortune as the pioneers of civil service reform in the United States, he will be one of the most fortunate of Chilians.

THE PROSPECT IN NEW YORK.

THE result of the election in New York turns upon the degree of harmony that can be secured in the Republican party. If both wings should work as heartily as they did last year, they will undoubtedly carry the State; but if the defeated wing in the Convention should secretly oppose the ticket, as Governor Dix was secretly opposed in 1874, the Democrats will win. Undoubtedly there is a disposition among the "machine men" to let their opponents "elect a ticket which they have nominated." The machine insists that it is virtually the party. It has even been ludicrously asserted that the 81,000 Republican votes in the city last year were due to a kind of organization which forbids seven-tenths of those voters to have any voice in naming the candidates of the party. The machine desires, above all things, to be considered essential to success, in order that it may be endured as a necessary evil, and it is quite capable of quietly procuring the defeat of the ticket, not openly and manfully opposing it, or any part of it, upon grounds of principle, but secretly "cutting" it, in order to be able to say that nothing else can assure Republican victory. A careful comparison of results after the election will show how far the threats freely made at the Convention have been carried out.

It is supposed, upon the other hand, that the humiliation of President Arthur in the loss of his own State, in which he has had the credit of organizing the victory of last year with its 21,000 Republican majority, and a loss within less than two months of his succession to the Presidency, would be a blow which the machine would not wish to inflict upon him, and from which his administration would not readily recover. This is a strong reason for supposing that the machine will feel it necessary to do its share to show a party majority at the polls. But, again, its conduct in some of the legislative districts, as in the preliminary elections for the State Convention, shows its spirit of rule or ruin. Republican success at the polls, after so emphatic a victory over the most desperate tricks of the machine as was disclosed at the Convention, would be the conclusive proof that machine rule is not necessary to Republican victory, and that an anti-machine management is just as good for the party. This would be a fatal conclusion for the despotic ring that has so long dominated the Republican party. It would be the loss of its last hope. For, outvoted at almost every fair Republican primary in the State, and overwhelmed in a Convention called in a place where the machine could most readily browbeat and coerce, it has still one resource, that of procuring defeat as the ground of insisting upon the necessity of its control. "In dealing with the vote of 150,000 Republicans, you had better go slow," said Mr. George Bliss in the Convention. This was a threat that if the Convention should lay hands on the machine, the machine would defeat the ticket. It was both a frank confession of the character of the machine and an aspersion of that of the great mass of Republican voters in the two cities. But its implication upon the machine was undoubtedly correct. The machine would not hesitate to defeat the ticket for what it deemed a sufficient cause, and the only question is whether it holds that cause to exist.

There is nothing to be gained for Republican success by playing that there is no division in the party. The contest of the last five years would be entirely unjustifiable if there were not a real and serious difference, involving continued party prosperity. It is not, and has not been, a mere personal contest. Mr. Conkling has been a salient figure in it, and has given a name to it, because he represents as fully as any man the tendencies and methods which nearly cost the Republican party, four years ago, an ascendency which should have been indisputable for twenty years. It is the persistent and unscrupulous attempt to identify Conklingism with Republicanism which had well-nigh destroyed Republican domination. It was the defeat of Conklingism by Republicanism at Chicago which regained the confidence of the country for the Republican party. The anti-machine declaration is that Republican organization and success are not only compatible with independence and self-respect and honorable political methods, but that they are promoted by them. The anti-machine body, indeed, is no more exclusively composed of upright and exemplary men than the Union army was wholly composed of pure patriots. But, for all that, the cause which the anti-machine movement serves is the cause of honorable politics. Its success in New York would be encouraging to every American who holds that practical politics need not necessarily be contemptible and mean. Its defeat would mean nothing more than we have indicated. It would signify only that the "machine" preferred to see a party beaten which it could not control, in the hope that defeat would be accepted as proof of the necessity of that control, and in the expectation that any injury to the prestige of President Arthur's administration would be overcome before the end of it by the return of the machine to power.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania who support Mr. Wolfe as an anti boss and machine candidate are very resolute. Should the regular candidate of the party be defeated, it will be because there are a body of Republicans who believe that the success of the Cameron machine would be more perilous to the party, and to all that it hopes to accomplish, than that of the Democratic candidate. In New York two years ago a similar Republican protest showed that those who made it held the balance of power. Its purpose was to obstruct the course of the party toward a fatal policy, and that purpose was accomplished.

In great States like New York and Pennsylvania, where the vote is nearly equally divided between the parties, such action often controls the result. Republican party managers can not remember too constantly and vividly that in a large body of Republicans, as in those States, there are always sure to be enough voters who will refuse to be bound by regular action which is not honorably and honestly taken. The first duty of such managers is to know that the mere party cry and crack of the party whip and volleys of vituperation will not frighten nor coerce such voters. If the managers regard them as fools and dolts, and soreheads and "cranks," the managers must reflect that if they do not know how to deal with such people, they do not know how to manage a party. The only corrective and conservative power left to the individual member of a party who has been allowed no fair voice in deciding the party action, or who has seen that action illicitly determined, is to rebuke it by his vote. The most perfectly running machine which can not grind out the necessary majority of votes at the polls will soon be put out of gear by common consent, and the only resource left to the decent voter against the swindles of caucuses and packed conventions, when they occur, is his ballot at the polls.

The Pennsylvania Republicans who support Mr. Wolfe do so as a protest against an unscrupulous system of party management, which, in their judgment, endangers the party as a means of promoting the public welfare. They say, in a brief address which they have issued: "As true Republicans we desire the continued ascendency of our party, believing that it represents the better element of our republic, but we believe also that no honest citizen can belong to any party which is merely an instrument whereby a few able and unscrupulous men secure an unlimited lease of power." The Republican history of the last two years shows the ability of a few resolute, independent men in a party to baffle its "bosses," and by that means to restore the party to prosperity and confidence. It is not "bosses," but the members of a party who oppose and defeat them, who serve the party most truly.

THE BRADFORD MS.

An exchange of courtesies between England and America at the culmination of the centennial series at Yorktown would be very becoming. The peculiar warmth of English sympathy in our recent national sorrow, and especially the expressions and conduct of the Queen, have awakened a very responsive feeling. There is a hope that the English flag may be raised and saluted upon the spot where it fell forever as a sign of sovereignty over the colonies; and it would be very pleasant if the mutual good international offices should be continued by the return of the famous Bradford manuscript history of the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth. It is at Fulham, the palace of the Bishop of London, and Mr. Justin Winsor, of the Harvard Library, suggested to Mr. Motley, when he was minister in England, that it would be a very neat reciprocation of our sending to the British government some early MS. records of the Privy Council. Mr. Motley was much interested, but he was recalled before anything was accomplished.

No library likes to part with its treasures, but in this case the loss would be the sign of a good feeling which is a greater treasure than the manuscript.

FIT NOMINATIONS.

The Republicans in Senator Warner Miller's district have nominated Mr. C. R. Skinner as Mr. Miller's successor in the House of Representatives, and the Republicans of Senator Lapham's district have nominated Mr. J. W. Wadsworth to succeed Mr. Lapham. They are both admirable nominations, of the kind that strengthen any party. Mr. Skinner has long been a conspicuous leader of the anti-machine Republicans in the State Assembly, and his unsullied character and trained ability in public life peculiarly fit him for the most satisfactory service in Congress. Mr. Wadsworth's high personal character, his distinguished service as Comptroller of the State, his apt disposition for public affairs, and his stanch and sturdy independence, which were signally approved by his fellow-Republicans in 1879 by the great vote which he received, are the earnest of what may be anticipated from his Congressional career. Both nominations are to be unreservedly commended, and as the nomination is equivalent to election, the country as well as the State is to be congratulated.

THE LINCOLN TYPE.

There have been many striking and admirable estimates of the late President in England, but this, from the *Spectator*, is very interesting:

> "General Garfield was unknown here before his wound, except as a man who had risen from nothing, and who wished that public debts should be paid; but before he died it was recognized that the Union had elected a second President of the Lincoln type—a strong man with a conscience and a will; a man with a character firm and serious, though lit up by flashes of that humor, half kindly and half grim, which marks the best men of the West. Englishmen read with twitching lips how the President had asked, after one of his relapses, 'How many more stations am I to stop at?'—leaving the terminus an open question; and how he had written that he must, in all acts, have first the approbation of James A. Garfield, for to eat and drink and sleep all through life with a man you disapproved was unendurable. It is strange that it should be so, for no English statesman has ever been in the least that kind of man; but it is so. Englishmen recognize and prefer the Lincoln type as clearly as their kinsmen do, and have more loyalty for a Lincoln or Garfield than for an English President like Madison, or a successful soldier like Grant—one more proof, among many, of the ultimate identity of the two peoples."

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

The sudden death of Dr. Holland, of whom we give elsewhere an excellent portrait, was undoubtedly a great shock to a host of friends all over the country, who had no knowledge of the doom that has menaced him for six years. But he doubtless knew that recovery was impossible, and that at any moment the summons might come; and it is the highest illustration both of his character and his faith that the knowledge only stimulated him to set his house in order, so that sudden death found him perfectly ready.

"A voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear."

Dr. Holland was in every good sense a self-made man. The poor boy of the hills of Western Massachusetts, diligently working and teaching; educating himself, mastering a profession, and steadfastly fitting himself for the literary success to which he felt strongly called; the popular moralist and lecturer; the popular poet, novelist, and editor; and always the perfectly honorable and upright man, steadily rising in reputation and prosperity, until he was rich by his faithful literary labor, and with injustice to no man—is the type of the American who is generally felt to be most characteristically American.

Dr. Holland was probably the most popular and widely read of American authors, and his vogue was of a kind that gave him the greatest influence, which was always turned to moral and noble ends. The quality of his influence is shown by the fact that he was the only American author, we believe, living or dead, whose works and career had become the study of a special society, which annually celebrated his birthday, and commemorated the places associated either with his life or his books. Such a society is a tribute of the sincerest admiration, and the evidence of deep and beneficent influence.

Dr. Holland's daily life was quiet and unobtrusive, the life of an industrious literary man. He was for a short time connected with the Board of Education in this city, but his tastes and habits were averse to public official life, although he had a very cordial sympathy with those members of the literary guild who engage actively in public discussion and affairs. He was very fond of his beautiful summer retreat, Bonnycastle, upon the St. Lawrence, where his friendly and generous hospitality will be long missed and remembered. True to himself, Dr. Holland was busy to the last, still planning for Bonnycastle until he returned to the city, and on the evening of the last day of his life coming home from writing for his magazine the words which will always have a mournful interest as his last. The death of such a man is not a private sorrow only, it is a public loss.

PERSONAL.

The late Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson was a strong man, socially as well as intellectually. He was possessed of a large income, lived in a fine house in Louisville, and was noted for hospitality. After his famous controversy with Dr. Breckinridge, and his unsuccessful efforts to unite the two leading wings of the Presbyterian Church, he gave up in despair, saying that "the Church can never be united until God sends me back to Ireland and takes Dr. Breckinridge to Himself."

—Mayor Grace is steadily commending himself to the respect of all right-minded citizens by the vigorous, straightforward, business-like manner in which he sets about correcting irregularities and abuses, and his summary treatment of incompetent and improper officials. The Mayor's recent inspection of the tenement-house districts, and his exposition of the horrors undergone by many of the inmates of the poorer class of tenement-houses, have directed public attention to the subject, and it is hoped that beneficial results may follow. His examination into the cigar manufactories now in progress is likely to develop practices "in that branch of human endeavor" that will create not a little surprise. His Honor's recent summary dismissal of a city marshal for unlawful and indecent conduct to a woman under cover of his official title is still another step in the right direction, and demands the heartiest approval.

—The Hon. Charles Foster has been re-elected Governor of Ohio, by a plurality variously estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. A portrait of him was published in Harper's Weekly for September 6, 1879.

—The Hon. E. B. Morgan, who died on the 13th inst. at his home in Aurora, New York, was one of the principal owners of the New York *Times*, his interest being next to that of Mr. George Jones. He was a man of great generosity and benevolence, and his death will be sincerely mourned.

—Mrs. Parris, the widow of Hon. A. K. Parris, Governor of Maine, still lives at Washington, at the age of ninety-five, retaining her mental and physical faculties remarkably. Lafayette, on his visit to this country in 1824, visited Portland, and was the guest of Governor Parris, and Mrs. P. relates many interesting incidents and reminiscences relating to his visit.

—While Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mackay were in Stockholm recently they were cordially received by King Oscar, and invited to spend an afternoon at his country-seat.

—The story of General Arthur's nomination for the Vice-Presidency is exceedingly interesting. After the stormy session that led to the dropping of General Grant and Mr. Blaine, and the nomination of General Garfield, it adjourned till evening to consider the question of Vice-President. It was conceded that the nomination should be given to New York, and that the candidate must come from the Grant element. Three names were mentioned—Levi P. Morton, Stewart L. Woodford, and General Arthur. When the New York delegation met, the two former withdrew, and the latter was selected by a decided vote. But General Arthur objected, as it had already been agreed upon by Senator Conkling and his friends that he should be chosen to succeed Mr. Kernan in the United States Senate. Indeed, this result was almost certain. It was only after the strongest persuasion of Governor Denison, of Ohio, and others, that General Arthur yielded his own wishes, and allowed his name to be used in completing the ticket.

—Mr. George Augustus Sala does not think very much of Parisian morals of the present time. He declares that the books and pictures exposed for sale in that city were never so bad in the most corrupt times of the Empire as in the present Republican epoch.

—Secretary Kirkwood and General Bacon, of Washington, are said to be the only two men now living there who turned out in the procession which welcomed General Lafayette to Washington on the 13th of October, 1824. They were then school-mates, about eleven years of age, in John McLeod's seminary, the pupils of which participated in the ceremonies of that day.

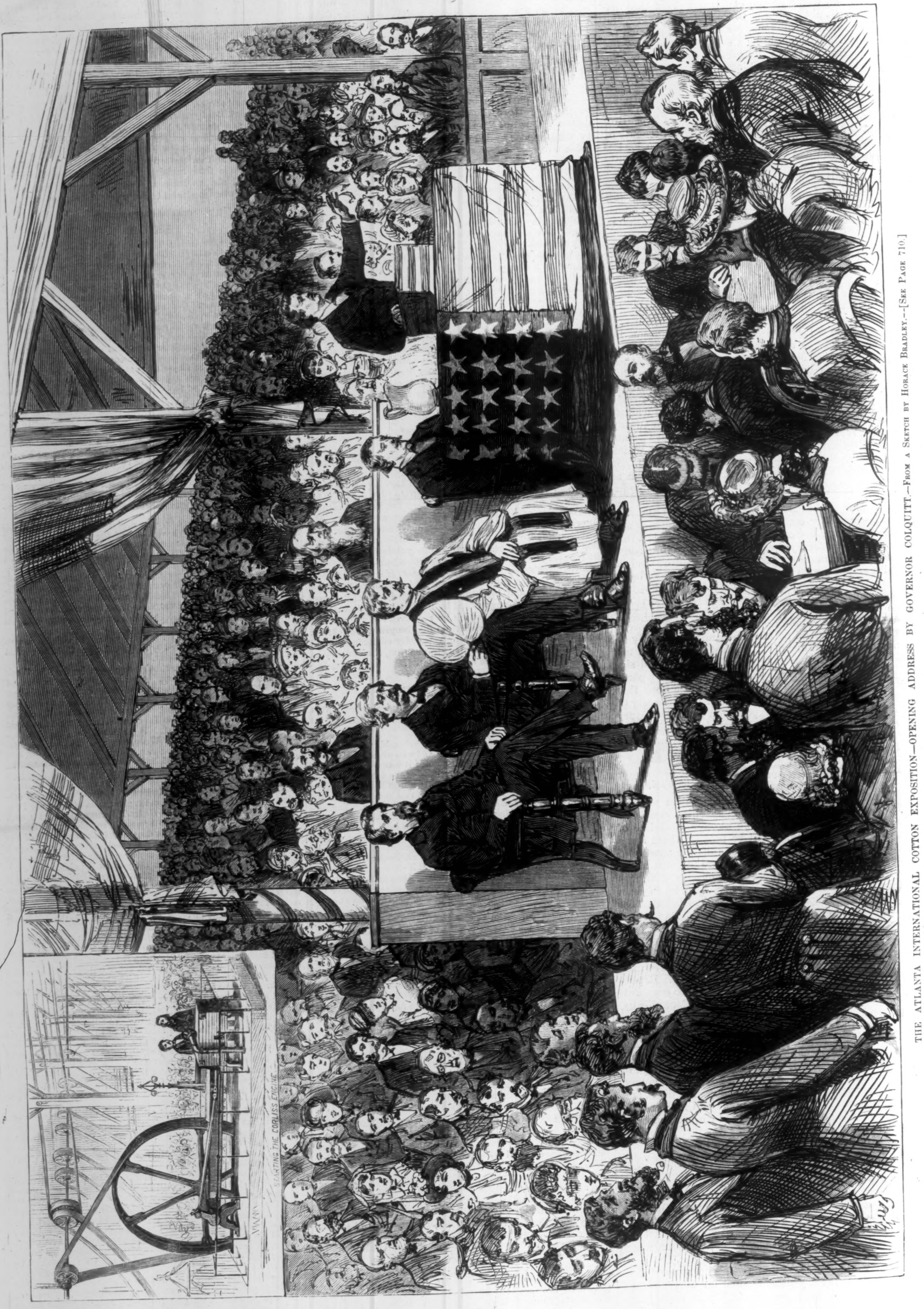
—Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper, in one of her bright letters to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, says that a short time ago a foreign lady of rank, who was conversing with the Queen of Spain respecting Spanish manners and customs, asked her Majesty how she could endure to sit through a bull-fight. "Ah!" said Doña Christina, "you know I am very near-sighted, and whenever I go to a bull-fight, I always forget to take my eyeglasses with me."

—Mr. Mulhall, a leading English statistician, estimates that the United States is accumulating wealth at the rate of at least $2,500,000 a day, or, in round numbers, at $1,000,000,000 a year, and that all the indications point to a continuance of this condition. We are now enjoying a general business prosperity unparalleled in history, while the material wealth of the country has been added to to an extent almost beyond calculation.

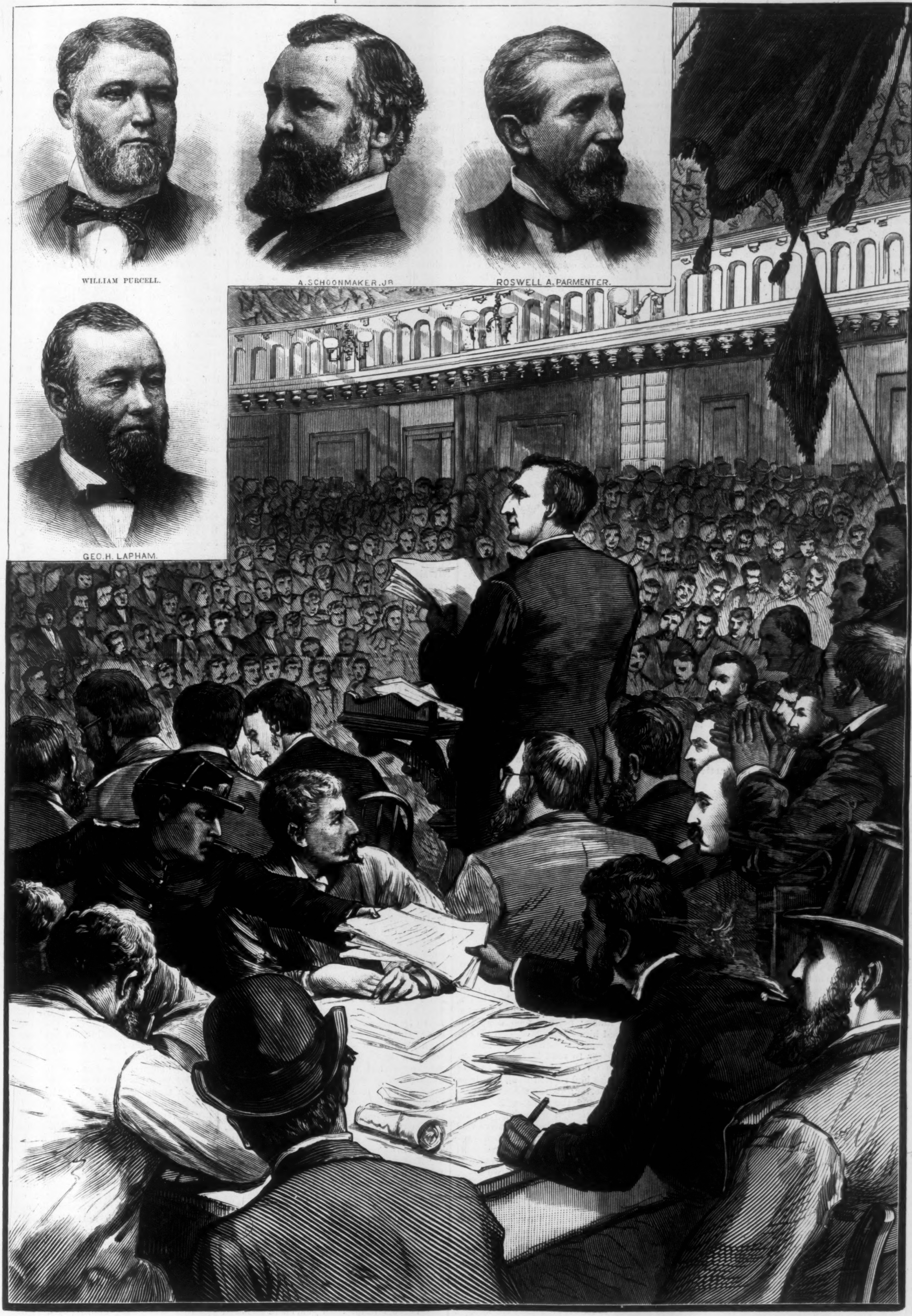
—The Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota, General Hubbard, is a native of Troy, and commenced his Western life as an editor.

—It is said of Senator Edmunds that during his sixteen years of service in the Senate he has never revised a speech for publication. He never uses notes, and knows exactly what he means before he rises from his chair.

—The venerable publisher Mr. Sampson Low, of London, has latterly been bowed with sorrows. Of eight sons, seven have died, and the remaining one, Mr. Matthew Low, resides in this city. Mr. William Henry Low, an active member of the firm of Sampson Low & Co., from which the senior partner withdrew a few years since, died on the 25th of September, sincerely mourned by a large body of business associates and private friends. A modest, generous, devoted, and high-minded man, he pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, finding time, amid incessant business avocations, to promote enterprises of practical charity, in whose conduct his sagacity and gentle humanity can not easily be replaced. The *Publishers' Circular* was under his business control, and his relations with all connected with it were most friendly. It is the knowledge of the existence of such men, which is publicly revealed often only by their death, that cheers the faith in human nature which is one of the great consolations of life.


STARTING THE CORLISS ENGINE

THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION—OPENING ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR COLQUITT.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 710.]


WILLIAM PURCELL.
A. SCHOONMAKER, JR.
ROSWELL A. PARMENTER.
GEO. H. LAPHAM.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.

Drawn by W. St. John Harper.—Portraits from Photographs by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 715.]

THE ATLANTA EXHIBITION.

THE best "exhibit" of all at the great cotton fair at Atlanta, Georgia, is one that is not set down in any list of the things shown there, for nothing in the fair is so encouragingly significant as the exhibition made by the managers of courage, ability, energy, foresight, and all those other qualities which go to make up what we call enterprise.

The creation of the exhibition has been, indeed, an achievement for Georgia and the South to be proud of, and for all of us to recognize with admiring respect. The scheme of a fair was not seriously considered until the end of last February; the charter under which it is held was granted in April; the first contract was not let until the last of May, and ground was broken on the 1st of June; yet at the appointed time, on the 5th of October, the great fair was opened, with buildings and arrangements in a state of approximate completeness which is very rare indeed on the opening days of such exhibitions.

Meantime the scheme had been radically altered, the dimensions proposed for the buildings had been greatly increased, and every plan arranged at the outset had been revised and enlarged. The task accomplished might well have occupied a year, or two years even, if Atlanta had been a large instead of a small city, and the vigorous skill in management which has met and overcome all difficulties, and finished the work within so brief a period, is the best proof the country has yet received of the indomitable energy and fine capacity of Southern men for the practical conduct of complicated business undertakings. The South, in which these qualities were once supposed to be characteristically lacking, has by this performance fairly won the admiration of the North, which has always cultivated these particular virtues.

In this and similar respects the cotton fair reflects a change in the South of which close observers have been aware for several years, and the change is in every way good. The old devotion of Southerners to a single industry—agriculture—was the foster-parent of many virtues certainly, but it was attended by many disadvantages. If it bred a love of home and of nature, and encouraged a certain conservatism which is in itself a source of strength and manliness, it stood in the way of that complexity of life which stimulates intellectual activity, and it created precisely the conditions that produce the peculiar narrowness of horizon called provincialism. A community which devotes itself exclusively to the cultivation of its fields is apt to live and think and act within the boundaries of its fields. It is variety in interests and industries that produces alert activity of mind; it is commerce that teaches men to look beyond the immediate horizon, and brings them into active sympathy with men.

The graceful but semi-mediæval ideals of the old South have given place during these latter years to the ideals of the nineteenth century; and while something has been lost, without doubt, in the change, far more has been gained. The opportunities and prospects of every young man in the South are better now, because of the newly awakened interest of the Southern people in the material development of that region. The new and increasing variety of industries there gives opportunities that were wanting formerly to those young men whose tastes and capacities fit them for other pursuits than agriculture, and the increased activity, the greater stress of life, consequent upon the change, furnish a strong and healthful stimulus to intellect and character. It is not in a life of quiet routine that men's minds and characters are brought into their best condition, but in a strenuous life which makes great demands upon intellectual and moral resources.

The change that has come over the South, of which the great fair at Atlanta is at once a result and a sign, has been lamented by some warm friends of that region as a change in the direction of sordid materialism. A close observer, himself a Southerner, said recently in conversation something like this: "Our people are losing their high ideals; they are becoming absorbed in business affairs; they care only for building railroads and factories and towns, and for developing material resources. They are learning to worship Mammon, and to adore prosperity; they care nothing for literature or art, and I fear the day is distant when they will do aught to foster either. We shall never have a Southern literature or a Southern art if this tendency is not checked."

The answer to this is obvious. A distinctively Southern literature or art is impossible in any case, and not to be desired if it were possible. Literature and art are not matters of geography, and in their best estates they can not exist if choked by provincialism of sentiment. To confine either within such bounds is to destroy it. But if distinctively Southern art and literature are not to be looked for, there is nothing in the present tendencies of Southern life to forbid the hope that Southern men and women may share equally with the people of other parts of the country in the creation of literature and art that are not Southern, or in any other way provincial. On the contrary, all observation teaches us that the conditions now coming into existence in that region are precisely those out of which literary and artistic activity grows.

Art is dependent upon a market for its products quite as positively as agriculture or any other industry is; and with the growth of wealth in the South there will come that ability to purchase works of art which alone gives to art its opportunity. With literature the case is even stronger. The old life denied and the new life furnishes to literary activity not only its market, but its materials also. Literature is always and necessarily the illustration of life, and where life lacks complexity, where its lights and shades are few and simple, where it is without strain or stress of any kind, the materials at the literary worker's command are few and poor, and his work is soon completely done. It is not in dead lands or lands that sleep that literature and art thrive. It was living Greece that created Greek literature and Greek sculpture. It was the Rome of the Republic, of the CÆSARS, and of the powerful Popes, not the retrograde Rome of later days, that gave us the classic Latin literature, and that art in the memory of which Italy still lives. Among modern states we look to Germany, France, and England, not to Spain, or even to Sweden, for the fruits of literary or artistic activity.

It is not in merely material interests, therefore, that the change reflected in the Atlanta Exhibition gives promise of a fair future for the South. The new impulse felt there is an impulse of growth which will affect all interests. It will stimulate intellectual not less than physical activity. As the newly established cotton mills give increased opportunities to the old agriculture as well as to mechanic arts, so the new material activities will stimulate all intellectual and moral enterprises, while directly seeking only thrift.

Governor COLQUITT, in his address at the opening of the fair, suggested something of all this when he spoke of the influences that the fair is likely to exercise in broadening the views of all who participate in it, and in bringing the Southern people into closer relations with the men of other regions, and heartier sympathy with the animating principles of modern life. He might have added that the fair is in itself proof that much of this is already accomplished. No people not in sympathy with all that is best in our industrial age could have planned and executed this Cotton Fair, which is a broadly comprehensive industrial exhibition, restricted only in name to interests connected with cotton.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

WHATEVER might have been the London opinion on poor Mr. Lyster's case a month or two ago, by the time November had seen its last fog it was clear that he had but a few weeks to live. His frame had shrunk to skeleton limits; neither food nor wine seemed to lend him strength, and on his cadaverous face was written, so plain that it needed no doctor to read it, the summons which brooks no denial. Yet up to the last few days he had replied to all inquiries that he was "better; yes, on the whole, certainly better"; and the light of hope had seemed to burn, though waveringly, in his hollow eyes. What had kept him alive was known to no one but himself, as often happens; for though we tell our fears from some superstitious notion that if revealed they are less likely to be fulfilled, we keep, for the same reason, our expectations to ourselves.

Every morning, on Mr. Lyster's waking and finding himself still alive, his first inquiry was for the post, and the letters that his trembling hand opened with the greatest impatience had a large seal with a bird upon them. He had had a good many such, and they were all of the official kind. The secretary of the Halcyon Society was always acknowledging his favor of the —— inst., and begging to assure him that the subject of it was under the best consideration of the society. The proposition of Mr. Lyster was, however, a peculiar one, and indeed unique; it was impossible, as he (the secretary) had already had the honor to inform him, that the Halcyon Society could deal with so gigantic a matter single-handed, but that negotiations had been opened with certain other societies on the basis of the terms agreed upon between the society and Mr. Lyster, and as soon as the secretary should be in a position to report progress, Mr. Lyster should be at once communicated with. The correspondence was polite and prompt enough, but as for the business, it hung on hand most tediously. Mr. Lyster, a business man himself, could guess how it hung, waiting for this board-room of directors and for that, postponed for some official reason or for none, and accelerated by nobody, as if weeks were of no matter, though weeks were now the sole unit of time with which he had to deal, and as if death itself were a mere fiction of the law. At last there arrived a letter more polite than all, informing him of the failure of the whole undertaking. The Halcyon, an enterprising young society, which had its way to make, would not have been unwilling to risk the insurance for a proportionate premium, but the older offices to which it had applied had, after some coquetting, definitely declined to enter with them into the speculation.

Mr. Lyster had taken the precaution to open this communication in his own private apartment, so that none were witnesses to the manner in which he received it. For the moment it unmanned him quite; he lay back in his chair with the letter on his knees as though it had been his death-warrant. But the nature of the man, as of most of those who have borne British commerce shoulder high, was to fight and not to yield; to treat misfortunes even of the direst kind as a bad debt to be wiped out and forgotten. Presently he rose up gently, and taking from his desk the Halcyon correspondence (neatly and appropriately tied up with red tape) threw the whole of it into the fire. Then he took out certain accounts and compared their total, which was very seriously on the debtor's side, with the gains of the firm up to the end of the year. It left an insignificant balance to his credit. Then, for the fiftieth time, he glanced at the figures which represented the probable profits of the firm for the ensuing year. Had the Halcyon consented to his proposition, he might have counted that £100,000, the premium, as being already in his pocket, laid up for the advantage of those who should come after him; but now—now there was but one means by which he could secure it to them. He must live. To any one who beheld his emaciated frame and wasted features such a resolve would have seemed a mockery. But it is difficult to set limits to the victories of human perseverance. Through time and trial the juggler accomplishes with ease what to the uninitiated seems miraculous—the whole history of perfection in a nutshell; and would it not be possible for a man, with no other purpose in view but life, to live under conditions which would render it impossible in another whose efforts were less concentrated on that object?

"By Heaven, I'll live through it!" exclaimed the sick man, striking his wasted hand upon the desk, "if it's only to teach that fellow to have a little pluck."

The "fellow" was Dr. Bell, whom he thus associated most illogically with the refusal of the Halcyon to temporarily insure his life; but the aspiration was characteristic. Neither he nor his partner, Sir Peter, had been ever deficient in commercial courage, and, to say truth, in audacity, and they had a very considerable contempt for those who were. What had helped to waste and wear John Lyster for the last few weeks had been anxiety as to the course that might be taken by others. He was anxious now, but one of the worst factors of apprehension had been eliminated—dependence. The fight was now between Fate and him alone. He rose somewhat more feebly than nature dictated, with the idea of husbanding his strength; his face showed it. It had lost its haggard look.

As he entered the drawing-room he heard a voice near to him observe, with some heat, "I am quite content to leave the matter to my uncle's judgment."

"And what is it you want my opinion upon, Herbert?"

"I did not really mean to trouble you, Uncle John," exclaimed Herbert; "but we were having a discussion, and I promised to make you referee."

"A discussion?"

"Well, hardly that," explained Percy, with his pleasant smile, which he had not, however, been previously wearing, as the old man had noticed on his entrance. "We were merely arguing a question of taste; nothing of any consequence."

"There I differ from you," said Herbert, in his resolute way.

"Come, Clare," smiled the old man, seating himself by his daughter's side, and taking her hand, which trembled a little, in his own, "what is this matter which, weighty or not, it seems requires an umpire to decide?"

"It is about this book—a new novel; *Butterflies* is the name of it—which Percy recommends, and Herbert objects to. I really can not imagine" (this with a reproachful look at her cousin) "it can be worth making such a fuss about."

"I am content that your father shall judge between Percy and me," said Herbert.

Percy laughed sardonically.

"I mean upon the merits of the question," said Herbert. "Pray put myself and Percy out of your mind, sir. If you do not think it a vile book, altogether unfit to be in a young lady's hand—"

"My cousin lent it me," put in Percy, gently; "the authoress is Mildred's favorite writer."

"Then I do not envy Miss Fibbert her taste."

"Quiet! quiet!" said the sick man, looking from one young fellow to the other with grave face. "You have both read it, of course?" Percy nodded. Herbert said: "No, sir; I have something else to do than to read such stuff; but I know what it is about."

"By intuition, I suppose?" said Percy. "I dare say he has read some review of it."

"That is quite true, and it gave me"—here he made a gesture of disgust—"no wish to make any nearer acquaintance with the thing itself."

"Still, if you have not read it, Herbert," said Mr. Lyster, gently, "and Percy has, he ought to know more about it; and if *he* sees no objection to Clare's reading it—recommends it, even, she says—eh?" He looked doubtfully at Percy, and took up the volume in dispute. "What's it all about—what's the plot?"

"Well, that would be unfair to the author," hesitated Percy; "one mustn't judge from extracts. Besides, I could scarcely tell you just now, sir."

"That is to say, he can not explain before Clare," observed Herbert, scornfully, "the story he has given Clare to read."

"Pooh! pooh! I'll look at it myself this evening," said Mr. Lyster, with a frown. "Now you have become an engineer, Herbert, you want to break butterflies upon wheels, it seems."

The little pleasantry was well intended, but it failed to smooth matters. It was never easy to stir Herbert from any position he had taken up, while Percy, though for the present he might well consider he had got the better of his adversary, looked very ill satisfied. Clare, unwilling cause of the disagreement, sat with troubled brows, wishing *Butterflies* in the fire or the sea. Upon the whole, she preferred Herbert's judgment to that of Percy, but then she preferred Percy to Herbert, and since the former, her destined husband, had brought her the book, she was naturally distressed to hear his taste questioned, and disinclined to find fault with it. The most uncomfortable of the whole party, however, save for the thought which dominated him, and compared with which all others were of small account, would have been Mr. Lyster himself. The rivalry between Percy and Herbert was known to him, though not to Clare. The girl only knew that the young men "got on badly together," and thought it a pity that it was so, since each was so nice in his way; but she quite understood that those ways were different, and incompatible with friendship. Her father knew that, and much more.

Amongst country folk, admiration for one's neighbor is of very slow growth; examples of intelligence are so rare among them, that it is perhaps not worth while to be on the look-out for them; they are content to wait until distinction has been conferred on them from without, when they honestly confess,

"although they lived next door,
They never knew this famous man before."

But in manufacturing towns, where scientific geniuses spring up pretty often, things are different. There were many men in Stokeville who had predicted a golden future for Herbert Newton, and Mr. Lyster was one of them. In all things concerning which that gentleman might pretend to have some knowledge the lad distinguished himself, and had given promise of much more. His conduct, except for a certain obstinacy which had occasionally opposed itself foursquare to authority itself, had been always what it should be; a man, as Stokeville in its literary Philistinism termed it, thoroughly "reliable," diligent, persevering, ingenious, patient—in a word, bound to win.

Besides Mr. Lyster's knowledge of these facts, there were peculiar reasons that endeared this young man to him. First, his son had turned out a ne'er-do-well, and in Herbert he had found, in some sort, a substitute for him, to whose loving care he might leave Clare with confidence; and then he had done, or might do (for the matter was not yet certain), a great wrong to Herbert Newton, which perhaps made him yearn toward him more than all. He had not done it in ignorance either, but the wrong had seemed so far off that he had shut it out from his calculations—which, alas, had proved erroneous. He well knew that Herbert would never have so behaved to him, which was wormwood; but it was the very "unlikeness" of the lad's nature to his own, the sense that the other was rich where he was poor, that enhanced his admiration for him. But now since Clare had chosen for herself, though in his judgment wrongly, Mr. Lyster felt that he should do what he could to make things pleasant. He had been very careful, since her engagement had been settled, to be civil to the man who would hold his daughter's future in his hands, and not to show favoritism to Herbert. But the recollection of past years, during which in all the squabbles at the mill he had backed Herbert, and during which at home he had been his father, elder brother, and friend in one, could not, as he was well aware, be easily effaced from a mind so sensitive to impressions as Percy's. Hence it was that this new disagreement between the two young men was very painful to the sick man, though he strove to make light of it. "What does it matter?" he was saying to himself even now; "what does anything matter, if I can only live a little longer?"—a method of mitigating calamity which, though philosophic enough, has never been of much practical utility. The position was very unpleasant for all parties, and the silence aggravated its embarrassment. Percy was the first to break it; it was more essential for him than for any of the others to make matters smooth, and perhaps he was the only one equal to that task. He had perfect self-possession, a winning manner, and that sort of wit which turns, if it can not blunt, the sword point of antagonism; he had tact too, which led him in the present instance not to shirk the subject in dispute (which would have been a tacit acknowledgment of its importance), but to return to it, though in light fashion.

"It does really astonish me, Newton" (he never called him by his Christian name, as the rest of the world did, down to the mill hands), "to find you so hard upon these lady novelists. You spare neither sex nor—as I should judge in the present instance, since the authoress has written a good many novels—age."

"I said nothing against lady novelists," answered Herbert, in a tone the gravity of which contrasted curiously with the other's airy trifling. "On the contrary, I think some of them beat the men. I only spoke of that section of them who deliberately, and for the sake of popularity, write with familiarity upon matters on which I do not say no lady, but no honest young woman, should ever so much as think. Moreover, what is still worse, they endeavor to persuade their readers that all English gentlemen are like the fashionable scoundrels they depict, and all English ladies are — well, like themselves. It is quite a new plague in letters."

"Nay, there you are wrong, my dear fellow. In reading an old English classic the other day I came across this passage concerning novel-writing: 'That branch of business is now engrossed by female writers, who publish for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease and spirit and delicacy, with knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.'"

"Gad, that's good," smiled Mr. Lyster. "Who says it?"

"Smollett, sir."

"Then Smollett was a prophet as well as a satirist," exclaimed Herbert.

"What a memory you have, Percy!" remarked Clare, admiringly. "I can repeat poetry pretty well if it takes hold of me; but prose, never."

At this moment Gerald entered, accompanied as usual by a strong smell of tobacco smoke. The sight of the family conclave a little alarmed him, for he didn't like family conclaves; he suspected them of having reference to his own peccadilloes. His father's mild "How are you, Gerald?" however, re-assured him. In these latter days Mr. Lyster's manner had been tender, almost pleading, with his son; perhaps because his time on earth was growing so short, but also, it is fair to say, because Gerald's own behavior had decidedly improved. He still absented himself a good deal from home, but that could be borne; while under the paternal roof his ways had become quiet, and even subdued.

"I really hope Gerald is turning over a new leaf," Clare had said to Percy.

"It is possible," he had answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, and in a tone which seemed to add, "Everything is possible."

She had made the same observation to Herbert, and he had answered, grimly, "You are sanguine."

"But what does it mean—I mean his being so docile and practicable all of a sudden?"

"Mischief."

"You never seem to credit poor Gerald with a good motive," she had replied, almost angrily.

And Herbert had not disputed that imputation. His ideas were fixed upon that point, as well they might be. For when a young gentleman of seventeen has been convicted of pouring paraffine on a live cat and setting fire to it, it is difficult for any one but a humanitarian to entertain much hope of him. Clare did not know about the cat, but she knew of other things which made her much more distrustful of her half-brother's coming to good than she cared to admit.

To see him glance at Percy (whom he feared), and at Herbert (whom he hated), and at his sister (whom he envied), and then at his father (on whose death and its consequences he was always speculating), and in that stealthy furtive way which his feline victim might have bequeathed to him, did not open a very promising moral vista. He had come for something which just at present he could not obtain (it was a pecuniary loan from Clare), and as he could scarcely leave the room immediately, and without explanation, went wandering up and down it, taking up this and that, after the manner of such cubs in a drawing-room.

"Hullo, Clare, I congratulate you," he suddenly exclaimed; "you have got a readable book from the library at last. I can't say my taste is yours in a general way, but here I am with you. It's the most scrumptious novel out."

And he held up that unfortunate copy of *Butterflies* Mr. Lyster had by this time well-nigh forgotten, and which Percy had made up his mind to drop in his pocket, and never to bring back again.

"Give me that book," said his father.

"What! are *you* going to read it, governor? Oh, Lor!"

"Yes, I am, since it has been so fortunate as to secure your approbation." And he took possession of it accordingly.

It has been said that it is better for the fortunes of a book to be abused by the critics than not to be noticed at all, but there are some critics from whom praise is such a doubtful compliment that obscurity is preferable to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE CELEBRATION.

A CITY decked in holiday attire, and brave with flags, banners, streamers, breadths of colored bunting, and wreaths of flowers from end to end, and its streets and windows filled with crowds of merry pleasure-seekers, is at any time a pleasant sight; but when a great city suddenly emerges from the deepest mourning, and doffs the sombre black worn for many days to don her most brilliant gala dress, the transition is most startling and effective. Such was the case last week in Baltimore upon the occasion of her first Oriole Festival. Only the week before, her streets had been shrouded in deep unrelieved black, while on Monday of last week they were as gay and brilliant as color and light could make them. The prevailing colors were black and gold—the colors of Lord Baltimore, the colors of the State of Maryland, and the colors of the bird from which the festival derives its name, and which Baltimoreans fondly claim as "our bird." Striving for pre-eminence with these were the red, white, and blue as represented by the Tricolor—displayed everywhere in honor of the distinguished French visitors, who staid in Baltimore long enough to participate in the "Oriole" before proceeding to Yorktown — and the glorious Stars and Stripes. With these the flags of Germany and Great Britain were blended in perfect harmony, and the whole combined to produce an effect of color kaleidoscopic and bewildering.

Like all cities in which Southern blood forms an important element, Baltimore embraces every opportunity for a festival, and found in the completion of her splendid water-supply system, the arrival of her guests from over the water, and the approaching celebration at Yorktown an occasion too good to be lost. In casting about for a name to apply to a festival that was not in celebration of an anniversary, nor yet dedicated to any one particular event, the management hit happily upon one so distinctively local that it can not be assumed by nor its identity connected with any other city.

The first day was devoted to a parade of civic and military organizations, and the formal turning on and presentation to the city of the new water supply drawn from the Gunpowder River, of which so full a description was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 8th of October. The formalities incident to this occasion were witnessed by many thousands of people on Monday afternoon in Monument Square.

The weather of the second day was as beautiful as that of the first, and from early morning until close of day vast numbers of visitors poured into the city over its various railways and waterways, and by private conveyance, until it was full, and it seemed as though there was room for no more. Although the visitors came thus early, the great attraction of the day and of the entire festival—the "Parade of the Mystics"—was reserved for the evening. In the mean time the throngs of holiday-makers were treated to military music from Gilmore's Band, the band of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, and the Marine Band from Fort McHenry, which were stationed in the various squares of the city, and to a series of interesting athletic games, to which admittance was free to all, at Newington. Thousands and thousands of people resisted these attractions, and contented themselves with simply wandering through the streets, and enjoying their gay coloring and busy life. From these it was that the more thrifty Baltimoreans, who had embarked in the festival enterprise as a speculation rather than from the love of a holiday, began to realize their hopes. In the retail stores the throngs of would-be purchasers were too great to be waited upon, and from the hotels more people were turned away than could be accommodated. For once Baltimore had more business than she could attend to.

That the willingness to turn an honest penny when occasion offers is not entirely confined to the dwellers of more northern cities was shown along the proposed route of the evening procession by the erection upon every available spot of observation stands, seats upon which sold readily for fifty cents apiece. Thrifty householders leased their door-steps, windows, balconies, and even their house-tops. All were draped with flags and bunting, and everywhere was displayed the Oriole. Never before was such an astonishing knowledge of ornithology displayed as was here shown by the ingenious delineators of this marvellous bird. He assumed at once the colors and attributes of every bird common to this latitude, from eagles to sparrows. He was of all colors, and in every position. On the ends of silken neck-ties and scarfs worn by young men and women in the streets he looked not unlike a butterfly, and on the medals decorating the breasts of these same enthusiasts he became the eagle of our silver coinage. But under all his disguises he was never mistaken for aught else than what he was intended to be, for he was in every case conspicuously labelled "Baltimore Oriole."

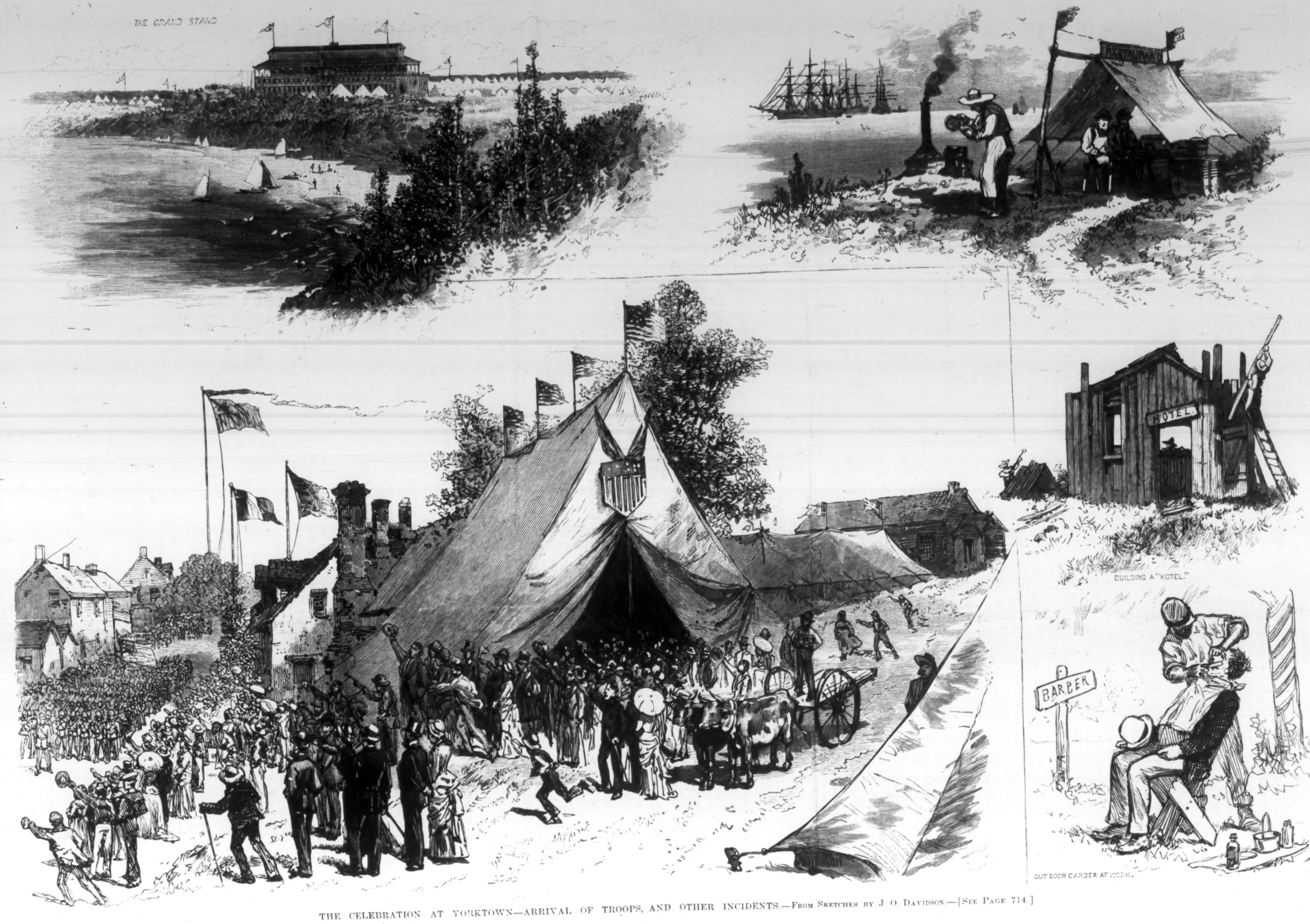
By seven o'clock in the evening every available point along the route of the procession from which it might be viewed was occupied, and all ordinary street travel and traffic were suspended. For an hour the dense throngs waited in anxious anticipation, then the tolling of a great bell was heard far up Eutaw Street, and the distant flashing of many lights, the glare of colored fires, and the faint strains of martial music announced the approach of the pageant. The display consisted of thirty-eight huge "floats," or platforms of timber, mounted on car trucks, and drawn by gayly caparisoned horses along the street-car tracks, bodies of horsemen clad in flashing armor or barbaric costume, and bands of music. The first division, consisting of fourteen floats, was known as the local division, and in it the first tableau represented Lafayette in the act of thanking the ladies of Baltimore for their charity to his destitute soldiers. This was very effectively arranged and lighted, and was fully appreciated by the French visitors, who applauded it heartily as it passed their stand. No. 2 was a Caledonian tableau representing the fight between Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James, with a picturesque background of rocks and Highlanders. No. 3 was the Italian float, representing Tasso crowned with a laurel wreath, and surrounded by admirers. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 were arranged by the German societies of the city, and represented respectively Oriolus I., King of the Carnival, surrounded by clowns and jesters; Arion seated upon a dolphin; Ossian; the Singing Contest at Wartburg; and the Star-spangled Banner, represented by a Goddess of Liberty with attendant allegorical figures. Nos. 9 and 10 were tableaux designed by the Society of United Butchers, and represented the butchers defying the doctors, in which the former held a citadel, which the latter stormed with pills; and the Sacrifice of Isaac. No. 11 was that of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and represented the crowning of a Crusader as the reward for fidelity, valor, and honor. No. 12 was given up to the colored citizens, and consisted of two cars filled with Jubilee Singers. No. 13 was a Chinese tea junk, so arranged as to toss up and down upon the bosom of its artificial sea. No. 14, which closed the first division, was the gem of the exhibition, and represented America Supreme. In the centre of a very large float was raised a gigantic female figure, representing America holding in her hands lines of telegraph wires, which extended over wide expanses of water to Europe, as represented by England, on the one side, and China, a group of mandarins, on the other. The only drawback to the effectiveness of this portion of the exhibition was that it was so poorly lighted as to render many of the figures obscure and unrecognizable.

Part second of the procession consisted of twenty-four floats, designed by an artist from Mobile. It was called the "Mystic Pageant," and its component parts were allegorical subjects representing the several most important eras in the history of the world, and known as "Time's Enigmas."

On the first float of the "Mystic Pageant" was a huge block of marble inscribed "First Mystic Oriole, 1881," and draped in national, State, and French colors. The allegorical device of Time showed an old man supported by a sphinx, and surrounded by the figures of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Pyramid-building was shown by an unfinished pyramid, upon which the Egyptian laborers were still at work. Rome's Origin introduced Romulus and Remus, the one lying dead before the other, beside the low walls of the embryonic city. Cyrus appeared upon the back of an elephant. Brahma showed his triple face to a crowd of kneeling suppliants, amongst whom a priest led a sacred cow. Before the cavern of the Delphic Oracle sat a priestess of Phythia, and before her writhed the Python pierced by Apollo's spear. On the next float the wise men of Greece taught their pupils beneath the portico of an Athenian temple. The Death of Cæsar showed the dead Emperor and his slayers on the steps of the Senate Chamber. Antony and Cleopatra reclined in a royal galley rowed by Nubian slaves. Zenobia and Aurelian showed the former in the act of surrendering her kingdom to the latter. The Emperor Constantine, standing erect in a chariot drawn by two prancing steeds, typified the triumph of Christianity over paganism. Mohammed's Hegira represented the Prophet fleeing from Mecca, and entering the cave, before which a spider had spun its web. Two more religious subjects were furnished by the Crowning of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III. and Peter the Hermit preaching the First Crusade. The last of the Old World tableaux was Magna Charta, showing King John sitting in his tent at Runnymede, and surrounded by his English barons, who watched him as he signed the roll outspread before him.

The first tableau referring to the New World showed Columbus just landed upon the shore of San Salvador, with Indians seeking to hide from him. Three American scenes followed, representing the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Lafayette and the Foreign Generals, and Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition.

The evening was so very cold that the lightly costumed participants shivered beneath their gauzy tinsel until their teeth chattered, and many of the gravest Romans and Egyptians took to dancing jigs to warm themselves during their progress through the streets, and all envied Dr. Kane and his companions their warm furs. Cyrus fell from his elephant, and was so badly injured that he had to be sent home, while a priest of Brahma took his place, and Ismail Pasha was invested with the priestly robes. During a halt in the procession, Remus leaped lightly over the walls of Rome, and ran briskly up and down the road to get warm, his short toga and tights proving but a poor protection against the cold night wind. Both Antony and Aurelian deserted Cleopatra and Zenobia soon after the procession started, and Romulus engaged in a lively sparring match with another Roman, who ridiculed his costume. The Egyptian who took the place of Ismail Pasha, when the latter turned priest, was somewhat embarrassed by the eight beauties who surrounded him; but he soon recovered himself, made their acquaintance, and introduced them all to Lafayette. The one poor little Indian who was discovered by Columbus, cowered shivering behind his palm-tree, and wondered what had become of the rest, who had failed to put in an appearance. The School of Athens was conducted by but two philosophers, the other three having left to "see a man." The Death of Cæsar would have been much more effective had not Cæsar kept raising himself on his elbows, the better to observe the crowd and to acknowledge the applause of his friends along the route.



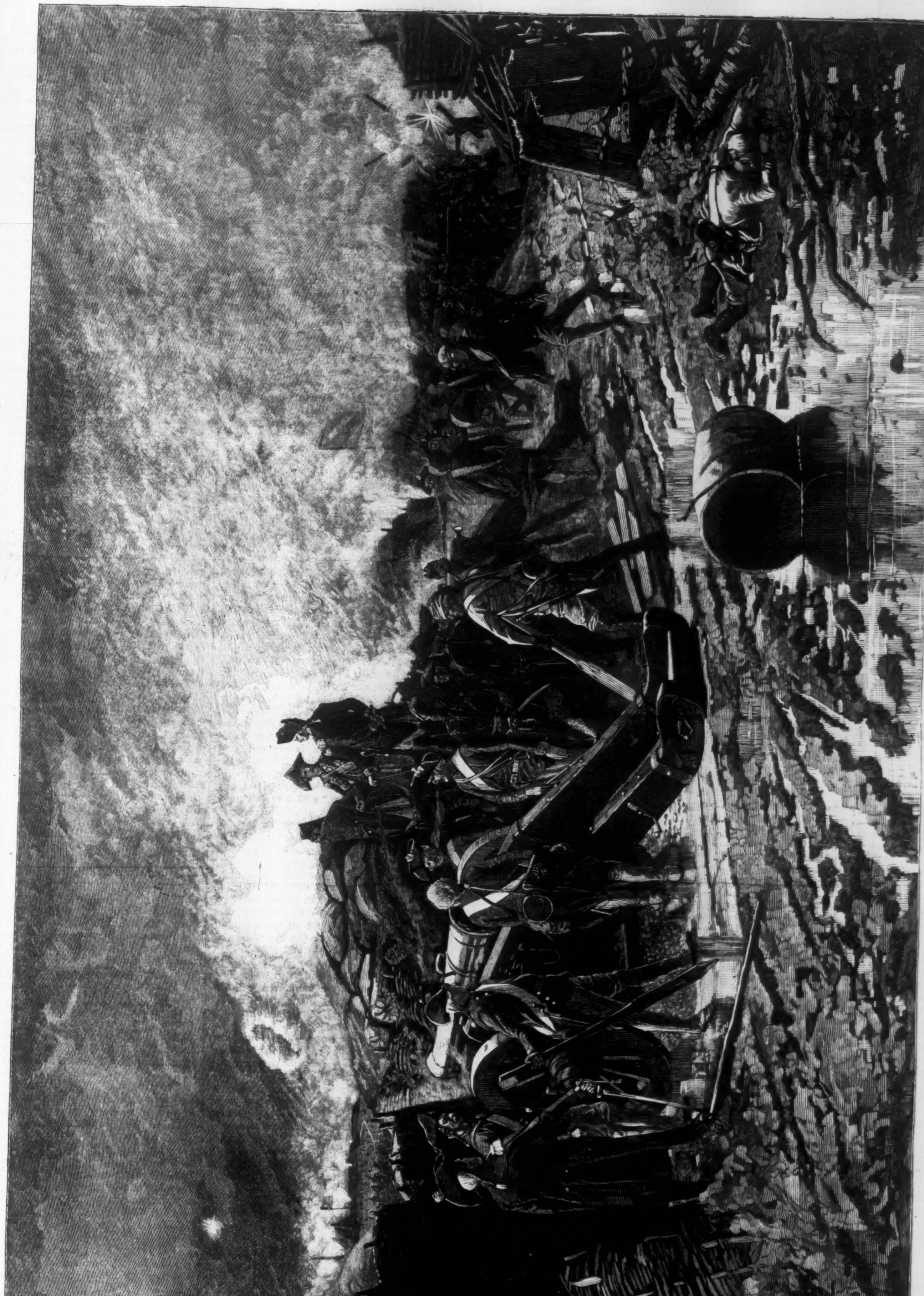
THE GRAND STAND

OPEN AIR RESTAURANT ON THE RAMPARTS.

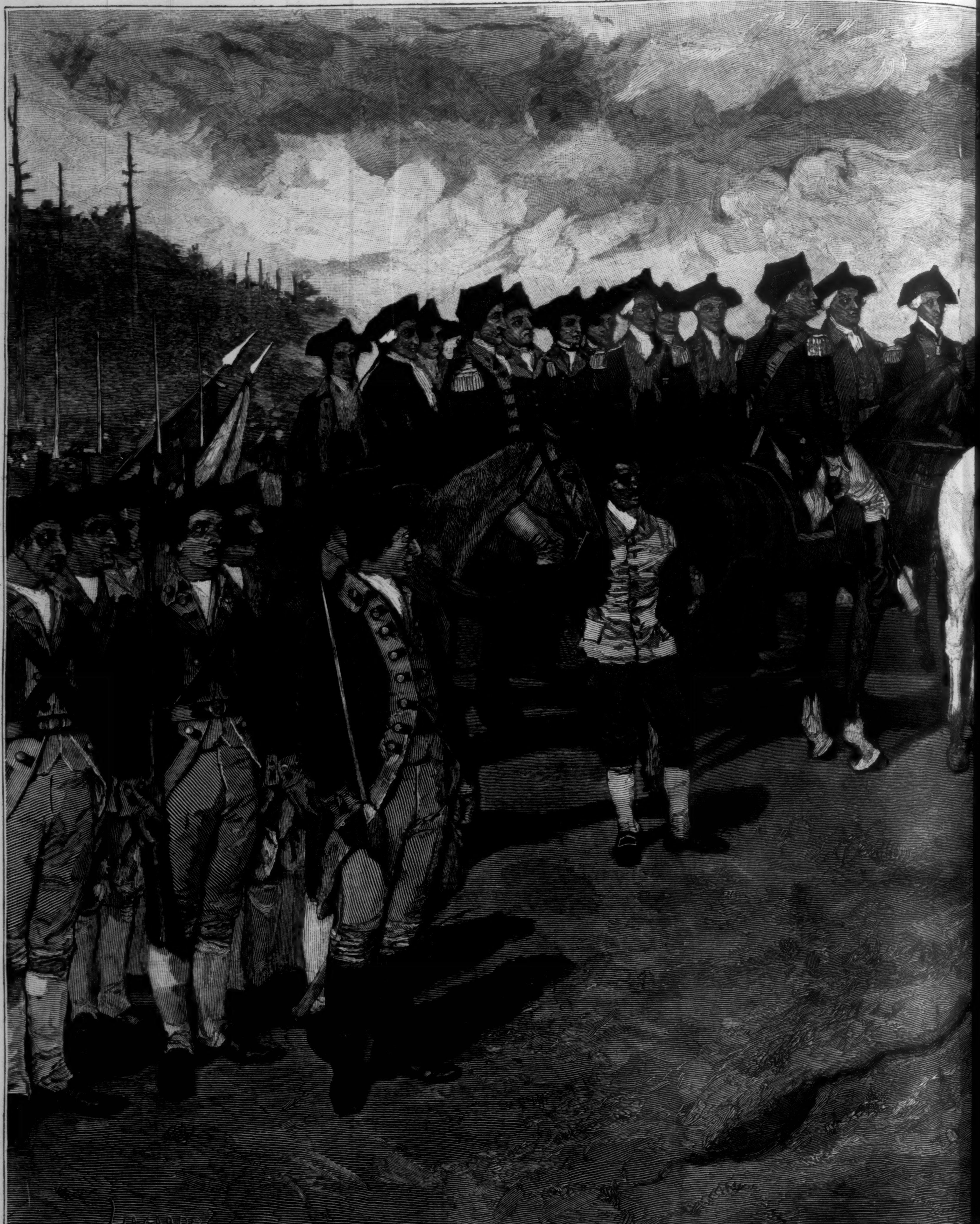
BUILDING A "HOTEL."

OUT DOOR BARBER AT WORK.

THE CELEBRATION AT YORKTOWN—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 714.]



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE YORKTOWN.—WASHINGTON INSPECTING THE FRENCH BATTERIES.—Drawn by Rufus F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 714.]



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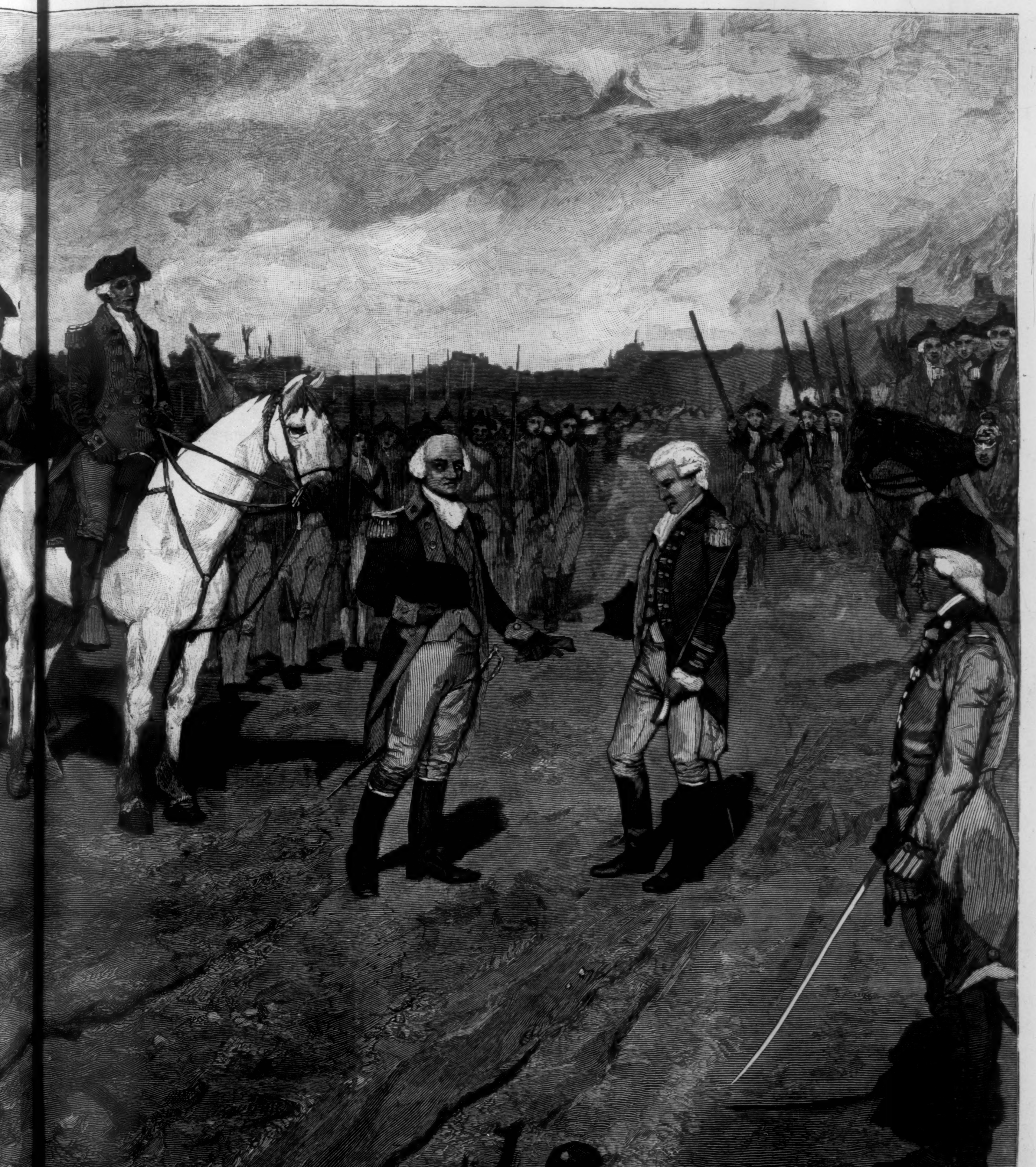
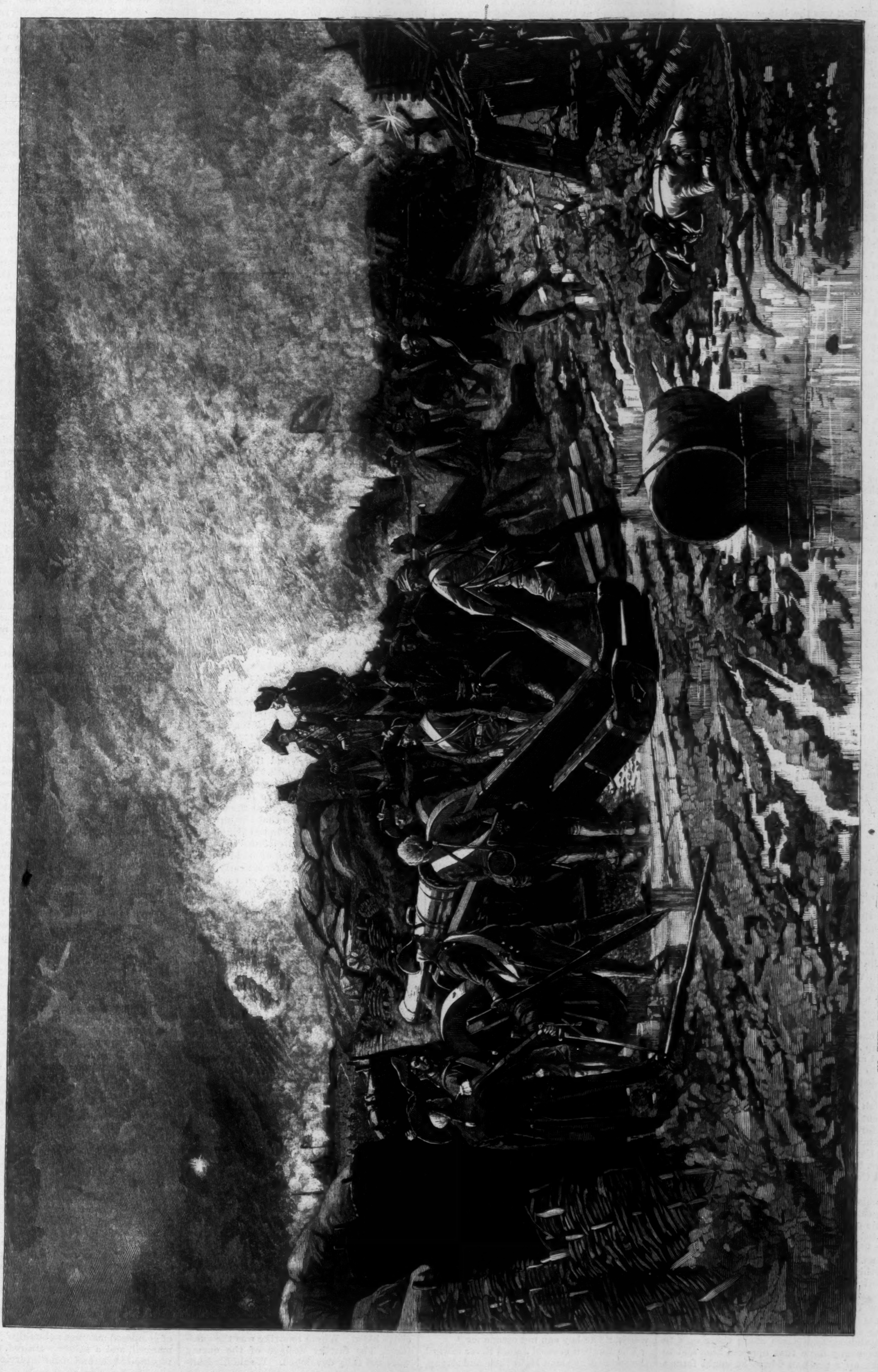


CO NWALLIS.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE YORKTOWN—WASHINGTON INSPECTING THE FRENCH BATTERIES.—Drawn by Rufus F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 714.]

THE PROLOGUE TO YORKTOWN.

By J. Esten Cooke.

Yorktown was the last scene of the old Revolutionary drama, a fine tableau before the fall of the curtain; but events which preceded it in the same year were perhaps more interesting. The famous "siege" was not of itself a very grand affair. Eight thousand men were hemmed in by sixteen thousand, and surrendered. There was no desperate fighting; the gallant rush of a small assaulting force ended the whole struggle. The terrible wars of the nineteenth century have dwarfed these old skirmishes, and we read with some amusement the hyperboles of the contemporary writers. Good Dr. Thatcher tells us that the scene was "sublime and stupendous," and glows with admiration of the racing shells, "with blazing tails most beautifully brilliant." When these fearful "meteors" fall and burst, they "excavate the earth to a considerable extent, and make dreadful havoc." When they drop in the York, they "throw up columns of water, like the spouting monsters of the deep." The day of doom has dawned at last for the English. In the midst of this sublime and stupendous storm of meteors and monsters, they are going to wilt away, and vanish from American soil.

Let us close our ears to this racket of cannon and mortars, and see what led to it. The military movements which preceded the fighting were much more striking than the fighting itself, and without an intelligent conception of these movements, Yorktown is something of an enigma. It may be said that this decisive event was the result of military skill and good fortune combined. There was little expectation that the long and persistent wrestle was going to end here. The country was despondent, and the army began to lose heart under their accumulated sufferings. General Wayne described the troops as "poorly clothed, badly fed, worse paid, and exposed to drifting snows and chilling blasts, with but one blanket between three men"; and in the spring of 1781 Washington wrote these lines to Colonel Laurens, American envoy to France: "Day does not follow night more certainly than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war without the aids you were directed to solicit. As an honest and candid man I assert this, that without a foreign loan *our present force, which is but the remnant of an army, can not be kept together this campaign...... We are at this moment suspended in the balance.*"

It was just at this critical moment that Washington, by a stroke of what was nothing less than military genius, paralyzed the whole English programme, and ended the war.

It is possible to present a lucid narrative of the military movements of the year in a small space, and such concise surveys are sometimes better than detailed statements. What everybody saw in the spring of 1781 was that Sir Henry Clinton had determined to strike a great blow at Virginia, the arsenal and granary of the American army. The State was nearly defenseless, and promised to be an easy prey to an enemy. She had stripped herself of fighting men, and only graybeards and boys were left. The whole tide-water lay exposed, and the many navigable rivers gave access to the heart of the country. The State had escaped the horrors of war up to this time, but now she was to bear her share of them. While Washington was confronting Sir Henry Clinton on the Hudson, Cornwallis was to strike at his native soil, Virginia, and by occupying it sever the two sections of the country.

The movement began in the first days of January, 1781, when Benedict Arnold sailed up James River with a force of nine hundred men, and landing at Westover, marched to Richmond, which was wholly undefended. The place easily fell into his hands, and he burned the public warehouses, after which he retired down the river. This incident made everything plain. There was no force to defend Virginia. Every fighting man had just been sent to Greene in the Carolinas, and the militia of old men and boys, hastily collected by General Nelson and Colonel Page, could only hang on the skirts of the British column and harass it.

This was the initial incident of the coming campaign; with the first days of spring came greater events. Cornwallis had defeated Greene in the Carolinas, and leaving his adversary to retreat southward, began to move toward Virginia. There everything was now concentrating, and in April General Phillips, with about two thousand five hundred British troops from New York, sailed up James River. The designs of the enemy soon became developed. The aim of Phillips was to destroy the warehouses and stores along the rivers, to attack any force that opposed him, and to take up a position where he could form a junction with Lord Cornwallis on his arrival from the South. There seemed to be little or nothing in his way. A few militia made a stand at Petersburg, but were soon dispersed. Phillips occupied the place, burned the warehouses, and then marched northward toward Richmond, burning barracks and public stores, until he reached Manchester. Here he received his first check. On the Richmond hills, across the river, were seen long lines of troops, ready to dispute the passage. At the same moment Phillips received a dispatch which induced him to hurry back toward Petersburg. Lord Cornwallis was coming.

From this moment begins the game of chess which made the Virginia campaign of 1781 so interesting. The troops seen by Phillips on the Richmond hills were not militia, but a force of about twelve hundred Continentals sent by Washington to defend Virginia. They were commanded by a remarkable man—the Marquis de Lafayette. He was at this time a youth of about twenty-three, and had left a young wife and a life of luxury to come and share the hardships of the Americans, and fight with them. He had offered to do so as a private soldier, but Congress commissioned him a Major-General; and Washington's opinion of his ability is shown by the work intrusted to him—the defense of Virginia against the ablest of the English generals.

A race now took place between Phillips and Lafayette for the possession of Petersburg. The object of Lafayette was to seize upon the place, and by interposing between the two wings of the British army, hold them asunder. In the race, Phillips won. He entered the town just as his adversary made his appearance on the north bank of the Appomattox. The Americans opened a furious cannonade on the place, and the Bollingbrook House, in the Blandford suburb, was a conspicuous mark of the fire. It is probable that Lafayette would have spared it if he had known one fact: General Phillips was dying there. He had contracted a bilious fever, and on reaching Petersburg was completely prostrated by it. The thunder of the American cannon aroused him from the stupor which precedes death, and he was heard muttering, "My God! 'tis cruel; they will not let me die in peace." He steadily sank, and on the 13th of May expired. He was buried with military honors in the grave-yard of Blandford church—an old ivy-covered ruin still standing—and here the dust of the man called by Jefferson "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth" still remains.

These scenes immediately preceded the arrival of Lord Cornwallis—an event which overjoyed the officers of the British army. The command had fallen to Arnold, a fact which they bitterly resented, and Lafayette also had an opportunity of expressing the American estimate of the traitor. Arnold sent him a flag with a letter, but Lafayette refused to read it. He would hold no intercourse whatever, he sent word, with such a person.

Lord Cornwallis reached Petersburg on the 19th of May, and found himself at the head of about five thousand men, the whole British force in Virginia amounting to about ten thousand. To oppose him Lafayette had his twelve hundred regulars and about three thousand militia; but these latter, under command of General Thomas Nelson, soon proved themselves excellent soldiers. The great American want was cavalry; Lafayette's whole force of that arm was one company only, and opposed to this handful was "the terrible cavalry" of Tarleton, which had spread such terror in the Carolinas. The approaching struggle seemed a most unequal one. By the end of May Lord Cornwallis had concentrated near City Point a force of about eight thousand British regulars, and the problem before the young Frenchman was how to face this compact corps, with its excellent cavalry, with a force of about four thousand men, and virtually no cavalry. It was two to one, and the two were regulars, the one nearly all militia.

Lafayette bravely faced the hard prospect before him, and was determined to run no risks. He wrote to Washington, "I am resolved on a war of skirmishes, without venturing too far"; and to his friend Hamilton, "I am afraid of myself as much as of the enemy." These words are the key to all his movements during the campaign. He was young, ardent, with a passion for military glory, and nothing would have pleased him more than a trial of strength with Cornwallis. His refusal to risk anything was the proof of his military ability and self-command. Cornwallis fully expected to profit by his young adversary's rashness or inexperience. One of his letters which was intercepted contained the words, "The boy can not escape me."

The English crossed James River toward the end of May about eight thousand strong, and advanced on Lafayette, who was at Wilton, just below Richmond. He promptly retired before them toward the Rappahannock; and from this moment the movements of the two adversaries during the whole campaign were full of interest. One was striving to bring the other to battle, but the other refused to be brought. It was a campaign of manœuvres on Lafayette's part from first to last, and manœuvring is almost always more interesting than mere fighting: the one is the work of the brain, the other of the arm; and Lafayette proved himself a cool and skillful soldier. He fell back steadily toward the Rappahannock, and Cornwallis followed, endeavoring to bring him to battle. This was seen to be impossible, however, and the British halted at the North Anna River, from which point Tarleton's cavalry, in their white uniforms, mounted on fine Virginia horses, dispersed to ravage the country. The raiding was pushed in every direction, and the public stores everywhere destroyed. Many of the plantations were laid waste, and at the estates of Jefferson and other prominent persons nothing was left. The cattle were carried off, and the throats of colts cut to deprive the American cavalry of mounts: it was war after the Tarleton fashion, as already practiced in the Carolinas. After these depredations the British cavalry were said to be "mounted on race-horses." All was carried off or destroyed in the track of the white horsemen. Thirty thousand negroes accompanied them back to the British camp, twenty-seven thousand of whom were reported to have afterward died of camp fever; and the destruction of property was estimated at thirteen millions sterling. In the course of these cavalry operations an attempt was made to seize Jefferson at Monticello, near Charlottesville, but he escaped into the mountains near; and the Legislature, warned in time, scattered before the troopers, and were not captured.

Lafayette had not moved during all these depredations. Nothing could persuade the fiery young Frenchman to fight, and he remained near Germanna ford, on the Rapidan, watching his adversary. All at once he began to move. Washington had sent him an additional force of about nine hundred Pennsylvanians under "Mad Anthony Wayne," the brave soldier who when shot at Stony Point exclaimed, "Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column." This gallant Pennsylvanian had now come to re-enforce Lafayette; and when Lord Cornwallis made a movement to destroy some stores at Albemarle Old Court House, Lafayette interposed, and offered him battle. It seemed reasonable to suppose that Lord Cornwallis would accept. He had declared that "the boy could not escape him," and the boy now proposed a trial of strength. He refused, and retired toward the sea-board.

Such was the result of the famous Virginia invasion. It had begun at the end of May with loud predictions that the unwary boy Lafayette was about to be extinguished; and now at the end of June the able British commander, a man of middle age, with twice his adversary's force nearly, was falling back, apparently bent on escaping the boy. The American troops followed cautiously, skirmishing with the British rear-guard, and a sharp action took place in the vicinity of Williamsburg. This had no results, but an engagement which immediately followed it at Jamestown Island nearly resulted in disaster to the Continentals. Lord Cornwallis laid a trap for his adversary, who very nearly fell into it. The British trains were sent across James River, and Cornwallis induced the Americans to believe that his main body had followed them. The British army was really drawn up in the woods, concealed by a fog; and when Wayne, supposing them to be merely the rear-guard, made an impetuous attack upon them, he was nearly surrounded and captured. He only extricated himself by a headlong charge, after which he rapidly retreated, and the enemy, fearing an ambush, did not follow him.

Active operations now ceased. Lord Cornwallis crossed James River, and reached Portsmouth, from which he passed over to Yorktown, and here in August he began to throw up intrenchments. It seemed an inglorious ending. The commander who had entered Virginia with such sanguine anticipations, and so low an opinion of his adversary, was cooped up in a narrow angle on the sea-board, and erecting earth-works to defend himself.

Events now hurried on. From August to October the scenes of the drama followed in rapid succession. Washington had watched the incidents of the Virginia campaign with the deepest solicitude, and must have felt that the time had come for a decisive blow. Where to strike was the question. The further designs of the enemy were not fully developed. Would Sir Henry Clinton re-enforce Cornwallis, or recall him to New York? Before the two forces were reunited the blow must be struck. A dispatch from Lafayette in August decided everything. The French fleet under the Comte de Grasse was on its way from San Domingo to co-operate with the Americans; and at this intelligence Washington's "soul was in arms." He promptly resolved to make a rapid march southward, and strike Cornwallis before he could be re-enforced. The Americans would assail him by land, De Grasse would guard the sea approach, and the result must be the capture of the British army at Yorktown.

All depended upon concealing the movement southward, and this was effected with perfect success. Extensive camps were laid out on the Hudson opposite New York, in sight of the British garrison, baking-ovens were built, and a feint was made to attack the upper British posts on the river. Count Rochambeau, commanding the French force in Connecticut, moved as though to take part in this attack. The army was thus a unit, and on the 25th of August the rapid march toward Virginia began. It was an exciting incident to the troops. The promptness and secrecy of the movement surrounded it with attractions. A contemporary writer said that it resembled "a theatrical exhibition," scene rapidly following scene. The British commander in New York is said to have known nothing of the destination of the column until it reached the Delaware. Then all became plain. Washington was going in personal command of his old guard of veterans, to put all to the hazard in Virginia.

The march through Philadelphia was a sort of triumph. The windows were filled with ladies waving their handkerchiefs and uttering cries of joy. The ragged "Continentals," with their torn battle-flags, led the column, and behind followed the French troops, in "gay white uniforms, faced with green," the whole escorted by martial music. A long time had passed since Philadelphia had witnessed so fine a pageant; the last resembling it had been the famous "Mischianza" spectacle, devised by poor André in the old days of the British occupation. At the head of Chesapeake Bay the bulk of the forces were embarked on transports, and in September the whole American army was concentrated at Williamsburg, a few miles from Yorktown.

Whilst the manœuvres to deceive Sir Henry Clinton had been going on opposite New York, manœuvres equally interesting had taken place in Virginia. Lord Cornwallis, shut up in Yorktown, had waited tranquilly for advices from Clinton. He was apparently confident of his ability to repulse any assault. But Lafayette had no intention whatever to assault him, and the inaction of his young adversary ought to have warned him of the real danger. Lafayette was drawing a net around him. Generals Wayne and Nelson were sent south of James River to prevent his escape to the Carolinas. Meanwhile the main body remained at Williamsburg to check any movement up the Peninsula, and Lafayette looked anxiously seaward for the sails of De Grasse closing the ocean avenue. He was in the highest spirits. "Adieu, my dear General," he wrote Washington at the end of one of his dispatches. "I heartily thank you for having ordered me to remain in Virginia; and to your goodness to me I am owing the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

The beautiful prospect at length seemed at hand. The white sails of De Grasse appeared in Chesapeake Bay, and anchored at the mouth of the York, and three thousand men landed and re-enforced Lafayette. The event now seemed decided. De Grasse had arrived, and Washington was coming. Unless a British fleet beat off De Grasse and re-enforced Cornwallis, the result was certain. That attempt was made. Twenty English ships, under Admiral Graves, made their appearance in the bay, and De Grasse went out to fight them. A brisk action followed, and lasted until night. Then the booming of the cannon was heard receding toward the ocean; finally the sound ceased, and De Grasse came back with two prizes. Admiral Graves had drawn off, and left Lord Cornwallis to his fate.

There now seemed no longer any hope for the British commander but in desperate fighting. When the cannonade receded, he must have known that he was to expect no assistance, and he courageously faced his fate. The decisive moment came on rapidly. Washington reached Williamsburg on the 14th of September, just a week after the naval engagement, and on the 18th visited Comte de Grasse on his flag-ship the *Ville de Paris*, in Lynn Haven Bay, near Norfolk. He was received with military ceremony by the Count, a tall old nobleman of composed manners: the ships' yards were manned, and a salute was fired, which was repeated at the end of the interview. Wash-

INGTON returned to his quarters at sunset, having made every arrangement for the combined attack upon Lord CORNWALLIS; and on the 28th of September the movement of the troops began.

The march was a joyous affair, and the old soldiers who had followed the flag so long, through such arduous scenes, went on through the autumn fields and forests with the lightness of boys. Their uniforms were tattered, but their arms were bright; and behind came the impulsive French in their new uniforms, full of ardor at the prospect of fighting. A short march—it was but twelve miles—brought them in sight of Yorktown, where behind the bastions the English cannon waited. Toward the bay the prospect was open, and they could see the ships of DE GRASSE and the English men-of-war. It was just sunset when they came in sight of this quiet scene and went into bivouac—September 28, 1781.

On the 9th of October WASHINGTON himself put the match to the first gun, and the siege of Yorktown began.

On the 14th the end came. The Americans and French carried the English works by assault, and WASHINGTON, standing on his works, heard the long shout which indicated the result of the attack.

General KNOX was standing near him, and turning to this old army comrade, WASHINGTON said, in his grave voice, as he slowly closed his field-glass, "The work is done, and well done."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(*Continued.*)

THE WAY THE CAT JUMPS.

ONE day, at the top of the village, she met that nobly principled young man coming from his course of medicine at her father's home of health. Jack was casting sheep's eyes up the road that led to the Captain's gate, but sternly bracing his mind toward the foot-path leading to Farmer Willum's, where he now put up his horse. Then Spotty declared her own opinion.

"I call you no better than a muff," said she. "How can you carry on like this?"

"Like what, Miss Perperaps?" he inquired, with some dignity. "I scarcely understand your question."

"You know what I mean well enough. Why don't you go in and win?"

"You still speak in parables," answered he, with a desire to be off, but a stronger desire to hear out all she had to say.

"Why don't you show a little pluck? Or, if that is not fine enough language for you, a little determination? You love Rose, and Rose loves you. Why don't you checkmate the old fogies?"

"Really, you seem to take a most kind interest in my affairs, Miss Perperaps. Who told you that Miss Arthur ever even deigned to think of me?"

"Bosh!" exclaimed the lady. "It is plainer than a pike-staff. But I am not going to tell you all I know." With that she showed her new boots, and said, "Good-day."

"This is most unfair, and most unfeeling," cried Jack, going after her, as she knew he must do. "Miss Perperaps, my dear and kind Miss Perperaps, I beg you to explain yourself, and not to run away."

"I thought it was you that were in such a hurry. But my dear father wants me. I have ten dozen pills to make up before five o'clock. Good-day, Mr. Westcombe."

"I'll make the pills, or I'll come and help you. And you can have mine to begin with: I have got at least three dozen here; and I can spare them."

"Oh, you have got some fun in you, after all," Spotty replied, with a very broad grin. "I thought you were a stick, and took them all. My father considers you a splendid patient."

"So I am—so I am. The most devoted. Oh, I won't get well for a month, Miss Perperaps, if you will only tell me what you meant just now."

"I meant just what I said," she answered, sitting on a road-side slab to talk. "Miss Arthur is as fond of you as you are of her."

"That is a simple impossibility. If you could only tell me what makes you think so, how I would, how I should—it would be so nice of you!"

"Well, I owe you a good turn or two, and I can't bear to see your tongue so white. Did you ever pick an oak-apple in the Fingle Valley?"

"Yes; I found a very pretty one, fluted like a love-knot, and I ventured to give it to Miss Arthur just to look at. And I don't think she gave it back to me."

"Of course she did not. Is this like it? I stole it out of her most sacred corner, where she keeps her mother's handkerchiefs. And as soon as she missed it, what a way she was in! Though of course she pretended not to care one rap. She has not the least idea that I have got it, or, gentle as she is, she would slap me, I believe. And that's not all that shows the way the cat jumps. For I began to run you down one day, on purpose to torment her. And her eyes— My goodness! you will have to look out when she is Mrs. Westcombe!"

"You have made me so happy I could kiss your hands after you have rolled a thousand pills. But, after all, it is not very much, when one comes to think of it."

"Then go and get more, you insatiable young man. But I tell you it is everything. Do you think I don't know what girls are? Shake yourself together well, and go and pop the question."

"What a practical mind you have!" he answered, with much admiration. "But how am I to do it, when I can't get in? I am under no promise about it now, but still there is a general understanding that I am to be—"

"Backward in coming forward. Very well; don't let me advise you, or when the days of repentance come, you will say, 'She did it.' My Step said that to my beloved parent about somebody unknown, when they had a little scrimmage last Sunday night. Therefore I would advise you strongly not to be anywhere this evening."

"But how can I help being somewhere? You know where I ought to be, and you will not tell me."

"How sharp you are! You've been eating sparrow-pie. But whatever you do, fight shy this evening of the Captain's leather-coat apple-tree. Where the hill comes up under the cliff, you know, at the highest corner of his property. Somebody goes there every evening, with her heart in her mouth, to peep over the moor; and it would never do for you to be there too."

"Undoubtedly I should be an interloper. I thank you for warning me to keep my distance. Miss Perperaps, I hear that Betty Sage is ill. I hope it is nothing serious."

"Not much, for her. She ate three hedgehogs for breakfast on Tuesday, and they were not well baked. Her appetite was good, and she swallowed some spines, and she says that they have stuck fast in her own. But you had better tell John to keep away from home. He will have sense enough to do that when he knows it. His Betty would say that it was all his fault, although he was a dozen miles out of sight; and then she might die to prove it. But I have taken her out of father's hands, and she begins to perceive the difference. If she is only left to me, she will come round for certain. But if my father gets another turn at her, it will be a very narrow squeak indeed. I have told her to shut up her mouth against him."

"What do you think of the General's case, as you seem to form your own opinions so? When will he be able to come back to us?"

"I can't tell. My father is getting sadly jealous; he won't let me have a turn at that old shaver. I belong to the tentative school. Kill or cure is my ticket for soup."

"And the right one, I believe," Jack answered, mildly, for he had not had time to think of it, and Spotty's strong views were strange to him. "The next time I ring the bell I shall ask, 'Is Doctor Miss Perperaps at home, and her father gone away, so as not to spoil her practice?'"

"I wish you would. I'd give a guinea if you would, and I've only got one against my bill at Mother Cork's. My Step would get the message, and, my criky! she would stare! But you haven't got the spirit to do it, any more than you have to go near the crab-tree to-night. Good-by."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UNDER THE CRAB-TREE.

NOTHING can be further from the mark than to take a man, and how much more a woman, strictly according to self-appraisement. Nature has provided us with things to think of far more important than our own concerns—our neighbors, in the first place, and politics, and the weather, and the last new murder, and the last old judicial joke—for our judges are now our best jokers—and if we ever get home again to think about ourselves at all, modesty steps in and spoils the balance.

Conspicuous among the men who underrate themselves was Dr. Perperaps, of Christowell. He felt that he ought to be more than he was, and his views were exceedingly scientific. But no outlet for them, and no income from them, as well as the recent death of a large rate-payer from lock-jaw—which everybody said he should have stopped—combined to make him yearn for something tedious, a fine slow case, a protracted cure (if any), and the money on the nail, which he therefore must abstain from hitting on the head too speedily. Throughout the summer he had reproached himself, and been reproached by his wife at pensive periods, for letting Dicky Touchwood get well so prematurely. And now he was resolved to avoid so sad an error in the new opening offered by the General's bad leg.

"How long will it take?" Mr. Arthur asked him, wistfully. "Not that I have any wish to hurry him, of course. But when will he be able to be moved with safety?"

"He is an ancient warrior," the doctor answered, warily. "What a privilege it is to be useful to him! Our country owes everything to these old heroes. And a brother in arms, sir—a brother in arms—"

"Yes; but how long will he be in my arms? I appreciate the privilege. But I want to know the time, because I have to make some arrangements of my own."

"My dear sir, the first physician in England could not tell you. I have scarcely had time for even an elementary diagnosis yet. My impression—observe that I do not state it as more than a rudimentary impression—is that the hero of a hundred fights has got suppressed gout in his system. I have tested him gently for arthritic indications; but he strongly objects to being tested."

"I heard him request you to go to the d——."

"It was a very natural request, and tended to confirm my diagnosis. Gouty patients always do so, forgetting what would happen to themselves when left behind. But, my dear sir, if you can not entertain this distinguished visitor in his sad distress, perhaps I could contrive, without much danger, to have him brought down to my humble abode."

This made the Captain look as fierce as Pharaoh, and the doctor facetiously held up his bamboo to protect himself; and therewith made off. "What must be, must," thought the other, as he went about his work quite cheerfully; "old Fire and Punk seems very much at home. But he is not the man to be long upon his back. If it were not for that pompous rogue of a Perperaps, Punk would be up and off to-morrow. Wait a bit. Something will arise within a week to change the situation."

Something arose within an hour to change the situation largely. What man, having begun a job, can bear to leave off at three-quarters of it? When he has only done a little, it may be in his power to lay his tools down and go away, muttering to himself,

"Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet."

But when he has got beyond the half (which comes none the sooner for the mere beginning), his spirit is up, and his eyes and fingers itch to admire the end of it. And this is the spirit of the mighty artist.

Mr. Arthur, in his little way, was a mighty artist. He could so enwrap himself in his work as to let everything else slip off, like water from the plumage of a sweetly oily duck. And he had that fine desire to complete a job well, through want of which so many men of genius fail. He had now begun at that leathery crab-tree—not at all a pleasant job to a gardener of high art, because it was a crude, cantankerous subject. But his mind was set upon it, to make good the interruption of the General's disaster a few days ago.

Now General Punk had been quite terrible this day, and especially severe to all who did their best to help him. If anybody whispered that "he would very soon be better," the strongest words were helpless to express his indignation, and he scowled at such atrocity. Even Rose, to whom he had been courteous and gentle in his very worst pangs hitherto, had been obliged this day to relieve his tongue, which suffered (in sympathy with his system) from repression, by making some very hasty exits. And Moggy said, without euphemism, he was "nort but an auld divil."

Toward eventide Miss Arthur, who had enough to do between them, came out for a breath of sweet-languaged air, and the freedom of dwelling with larger things. She had always loved the great moorland view, and the calm ennoblement of the hills, as they drew the sinking light around them, and fostered every farewell glance. She loved to see how they yielded rank to the larger lands behind them, and accepted shadow, as they cast their own, in stately grades submissive.

Our minds must be very much improved, no doubt, from the condition of the old British mind as it used to work not much more than a hundred years ago. When it wants to describe a thing, the mind makes words, or at any rate doubles up the old ones into new cocked hats, and is proud of having found out something fresh. Upon this new phenomenon the staler minds make rush, as a dozen sparrows chase the one who has unluckily found pie-crust, or men run after the man who has hit upon a scampish trick that pays. The great artists are the men who have taught our eyes to see and our tongues to speak.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE New York Democratic Convention, which met at Albany on the 11th and 12th inst., made the following nominations: For Secretary of State, William Purcell, of Monroe; for Comptroller, George H. Lapham, of Yates; for Attorney-General, Roswell A. Parmenter, of Rensselaer; for State Treasurer, Robert A. Maxwell, of Genesee; for State Engineer and Surveyor, Thomas Evershed, of Orleans; for Judge of Court of Appeals, Augustus Schoonmaker, Jun., of Ulster. An illustration of the Convention and portraits of nominees will be found on page 709.

Russia has recently acquired from China the right to enter that country through a gateway near the western end of the Great Wall. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the fact that this route was a favorite one with Ptolemy's Seric traders, and that it was followed generally by the Arab merchants in the sixth century. He adds that the acquiring of this route by Russia may soon lead to the construction of the first Central Asiatic railway.

Mr. J. R. Keene's famous Foxhall has signalized himself by two recent victories on the English turf—the Cesarewitch Stakes on 11th inst., and the Select Stakes on the following day. A picture of Foxhall was printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 20, 1880.

A captain of a government revenue-cutter has taken formal possession of Wrangell Land in the name of the United States. Suggestive as the name is of dispute, it is not believed that the step will result in international controversy, since Wrangell Land is without inhabitants and without value, so far as any one has been able to discover.

A Newfoundland dog belonging in Boston is believed to have committed suicide. He had been sick for some time. His owner and several other persons saw him go into the street, wait for some lightly laden wagons to pass, and then deliberately lie down in front of the wheels of a truck loaded with stone.

Boston claims that the word *caucus*, which is a source of perplexity and grief to the English press, was originated in that city about the year 1774.

It is learned by way of Chicago that there is a panic in Boston over the advance in the price of beans.

The Lord Mayor of London has received from an admirer in New South Wales a present of game, dressed and frozen. In the lot were thirteen kangaroos.

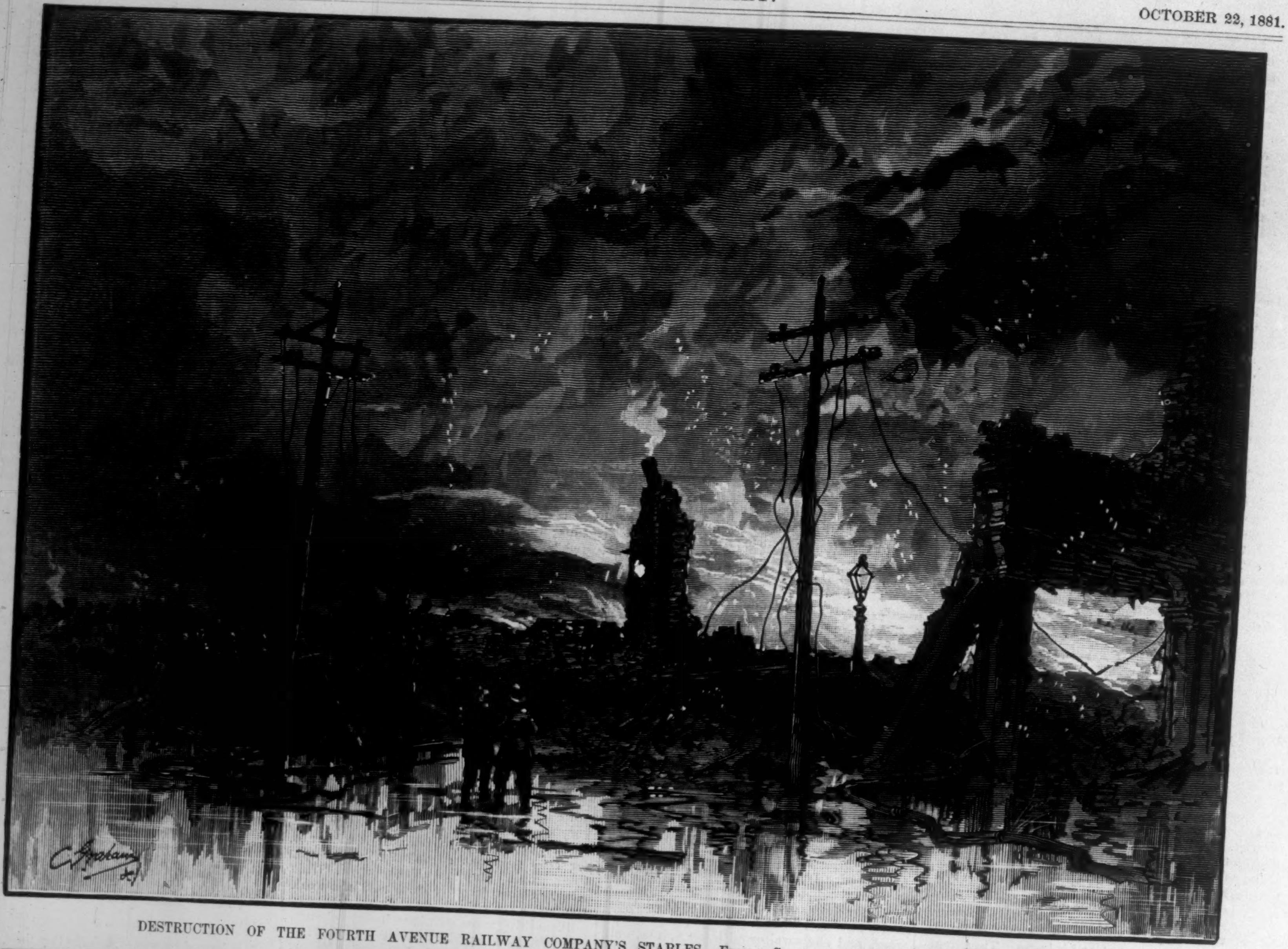
The *Monde Illustré* announced that on October 14 the Americans would hold a national festival in honor of the discovery of the country by Christopher Columbus, at which an orchestra of ten thousand pieces would assist a hundred singers in rendering the famous national hymn "Columbia," composed by the discoverer above named. Exactly at the finale a hundred cannon were to be fired by the touch of the leader's baton on an electric key.

There seems to be a lack of acquaintance with the ingredients of harmless beverages in Homewood, Pennsylvania. An enterprising man recently sold forty dollars' worth of coffee to the residents as a sure cure for small-pox.

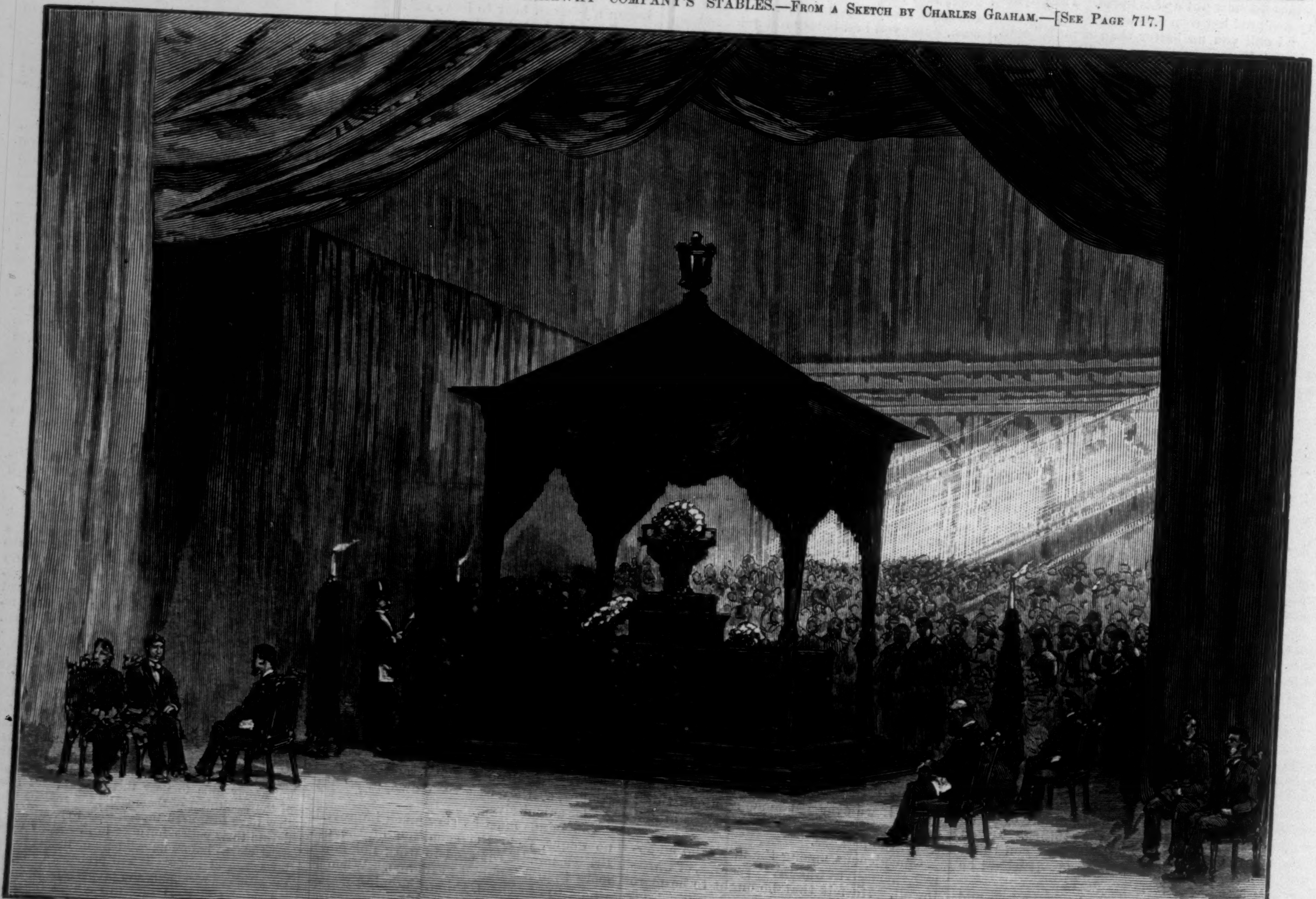
In view of the destruction of the famous cedars of Lebanon, Rustem Pasha, the Governor-General, has issued a decree forbidding tourists to pitch tents or kindle fires among the trees, and setting forth that any oxen, sheep, or goats found there will be confiscated. It is said that the forest has dwindled to a mere thicket, in which there are only about four hundred trees.

A Canadian in San Francisco is editing a Chinese newspaper with a pair of shears and a Chinaman. He clips items of interest to the Chinese from the daily papers, and has them translated into the language of the Flowery Kingdom. He has a rival in a newspaper owned and edited by Chinamen. There has as yet been no outcry against Chinese cheap labor in journalism.

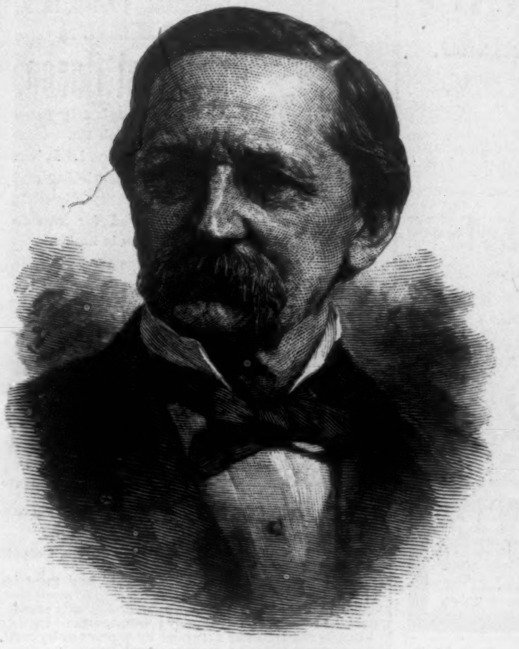
Very little distress, but a great deal of annoyance, results from the recent fire in the building where Murray Hill has been accustomed to store its valuables while spending the summer in the country or abroad. There may be additional aggravation in the thought that a part of the building was believed to be fire-proof, and that it was this part of the structure which suffered the most. Among the names of the losers are none who are not amply able to bear their losses; yet some of the wealthiest of them could not replace what they have lost, even though they were willing to devote their entire fortunes to it. Many weeks must elapse before an estimate of the aggregate losses can be made. It will probably be among the millions, reckoning the property at its intrinsic value, and it is safe to say that the losers would gladly add several hundred thousand dollars to those figures if they could have their valuables restored.



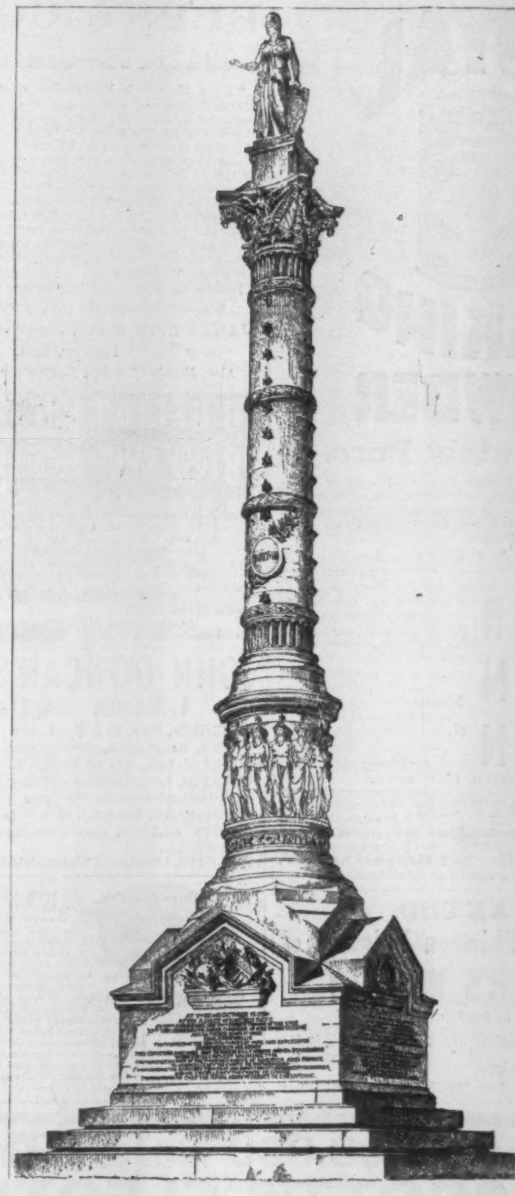
DESTRUCTION OF THE FOURTH AVENUE RAILWAY COMPANY'S STABLES.—From a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 717.]



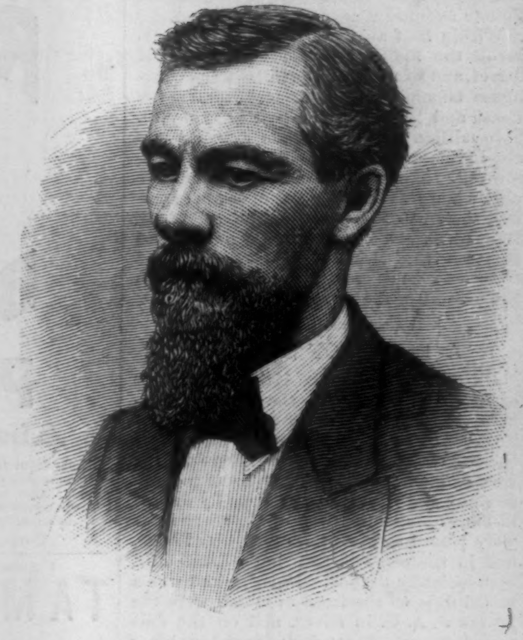
MASONIC LODGE OF SORROW, AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 718.]



THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 707.]



THE PROJECTED YORKTOWN MONUMENT.



THE HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

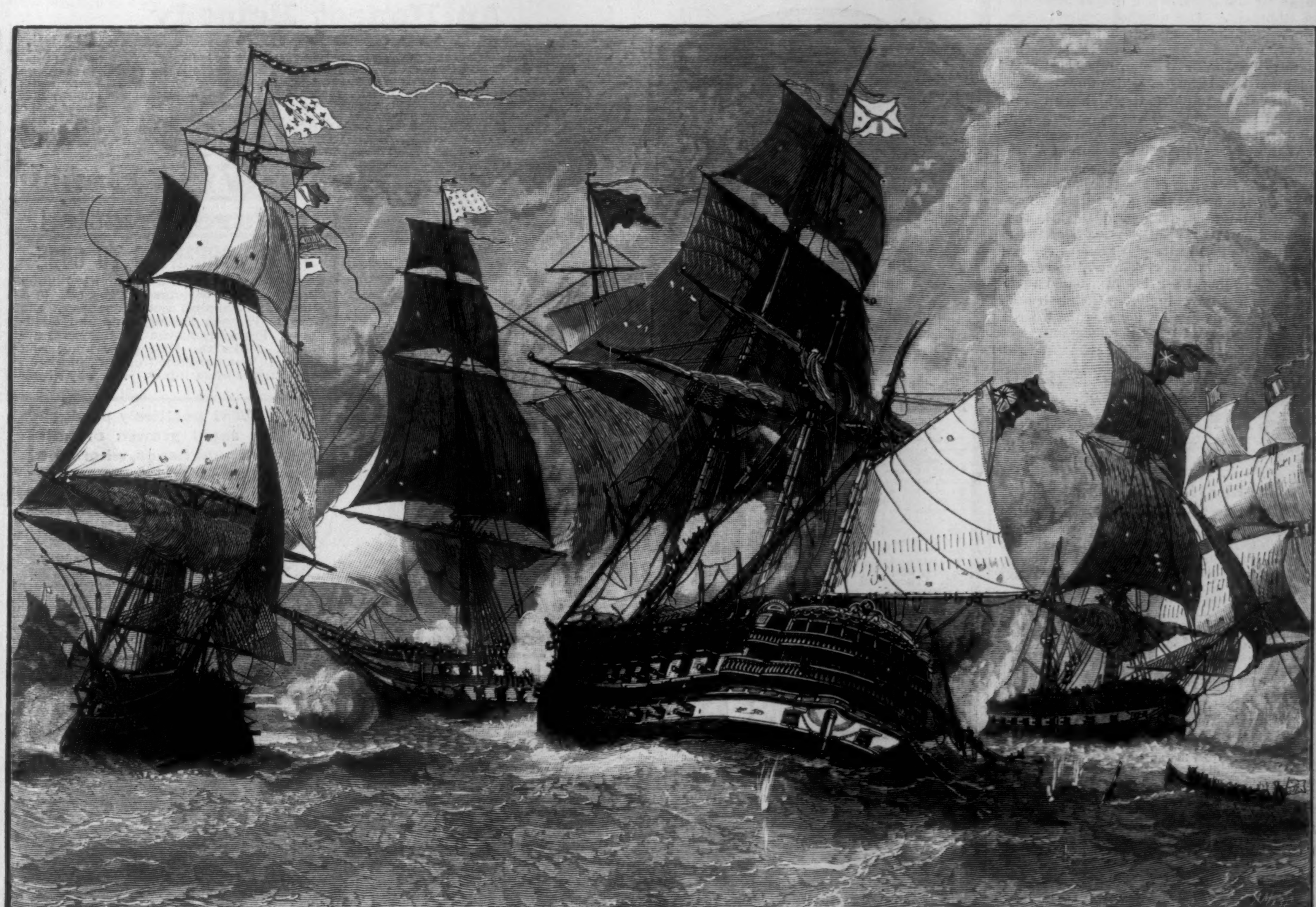
HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, the Republican Governor-elect of Iowa, is one of the self-made men of the West. He springs, however, from good Eastern stock, and owes much to the qualities inherited from honorable parentage, and the habits of industry formed early in life. He is a native of New York, born in Phelps, Ontario County, May 28, 1836.

He was the third son of PHINEAS L. SHERMAN. After a good practical education in the public school at Elmira, he learned the watchmaker's trade. In 1855, the family removed to Iowa, where the father had purchased some government lands. There they engaged in farming. While at work upon the farm he employed his leisure hours in studying law, and in the summer of 1859 was admitted to the bar. When the war with the South broke out he was one of the first to respond, and enlisted in Company G, Thirteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and immediately went to the front. From Second Sergeant he was promoted, in February, 1862, to Second Lieutenant of Company E. He was severely wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. While in the hospital he was promoted to the rank of Captain for gallant services on the field. At length, though crippled and still suffering from his injuries, he returned to his company, where, by the aid of crutches, he was able to be on duty; but the demands of patriotism were more than his enfeebled system could endure, and he was finally compelled, in the summer of 1863, to resign his commission.

Soon after his return home he was elected to the office of County Judge, Benton County, to which he was re-elected in 1865. He resigned the judgeship in 1866 to accept the office of Clerk of the District Court, which position he held by repeated elections until his election as Auditor of the State in 1874, the position he has held ever since, and which he filled with such marked ability that he very soon came into prominence as a candidate for Governor. On the 29th of June he received the nomination.

THE FOURTH AVENUE FIRE.

THE most extensive and destructive conflagration that has visited New York in many years occurred on the night of October 10, on Fourth Avenue, near the lower mouth of the Park Avenue tunnel, and directly opposite the Park Avenue Hotel. The fire broke out in the immense stables of the Fourth Avenue Railway Company. A stiff gale blowing from the northwest spread the flames with great rapidity, and despite the best efforts of the brave firemen to arrest them, the entire block bounded by Thirty-second



YORKTOWN—THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLEETS OFF CAPE HENRY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1781.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

and Thirty-third streets and Lexington and Fourth avenues was speedily consumed.

Within half an hour after the first outbreak the fire had crossed Thirty-second Street, and seized upon the tall storage warehouse belonging to JOHN H. MORRILL, the finest and largest of its kind in this city. Two million dollars' worth of property was stored there. The building was entirely destroyed. Many of the best families of the city, when travelling or out of town, deposited their valuables at MORRILL'S, and took their own risks, insuring or not insuring, as they saw fit. Much of the material stored there was consequently uninsured through the neglect of the owners.

A LODGE OF SORROW.

ON the evening of the 11th inst. a Lodge of Sorrow was held at the Grand Opera-house in Newark, New Jersey, in memory of President GARFIELD, who was a member of the order. The house was crowded with the most eminent citizens. The front of the proscenium and the stage were heavily draped in black. Near the front of the stage seats were placed so as to form a regular Lodge, and in the centre was a large catafalque, appropriately draped. In the midst was a raised dais, on the front of which were the letters J. A. G. in silver, and on the dais rested an urn. East of the catafalque hung a Masonic apron, and on the west a pair of white gloves crossed. East, west, and south of the catafalque were three Past Masters, and by the side of each a taper. Other officers of the Lodge sat in their usual places. At the rear of the stage was a chorus of male and female voices, and instrumental music was furnished by a band. The Lodge was opened in due form according to the ritual, and the Past Master in the east lighted his taper, saying, "Wisdom in life." The officer in the west then lighted his taper, saying, "Strength in death." Then the officer in the south lighted the third taper, saying, "Beauty in God's love, and eternal light." The Chaplain of the Lodge then repeated a prayer, which was followed by the male chorus singing, "Blessed are the pure in heart." A brief oration (not from the ritual) was given by the Rev. Dr. HEPWORTH, of New York city.

After the oration came the song, "Rest, spirit, rest," by a quartette, and then the address from the ritual beginning, "In the midst of life we are in death," read by the Worshipful Master. After this the Chaplain read selections from Scripture, a dirge was played by the band, and a prayer made by the Chaplain. The officers of the Lodge then, while the Dead March in *Saul* was played, walked slowly around the catafalque; the Junior Warden advanced and laid upon it a bunch of white flowers, emblematic of the pure life to which their brother had been called. The procession again moved around the catafalque, and the Senior Warden placed upon it a wreath of white flowers as a symbol of the virtues of the departed. At the close of the third march the Master of the Lodge laid a green wreath on the catafalque—an emblem of faith in the immortality of the soul. As each of these wreaths was put in its place one of the tapers was extinguished. Then followed the impressive funeral service from the ritual, the grand honors were given, the choir and audience sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the band played CHOPIN'S *Tenebræ*.

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Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without Castoria;
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.—[*Adv.*]

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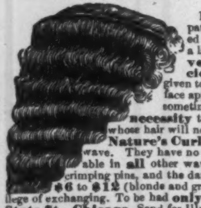

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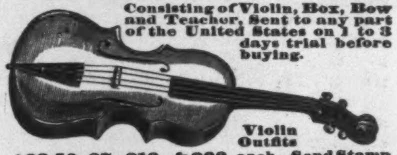

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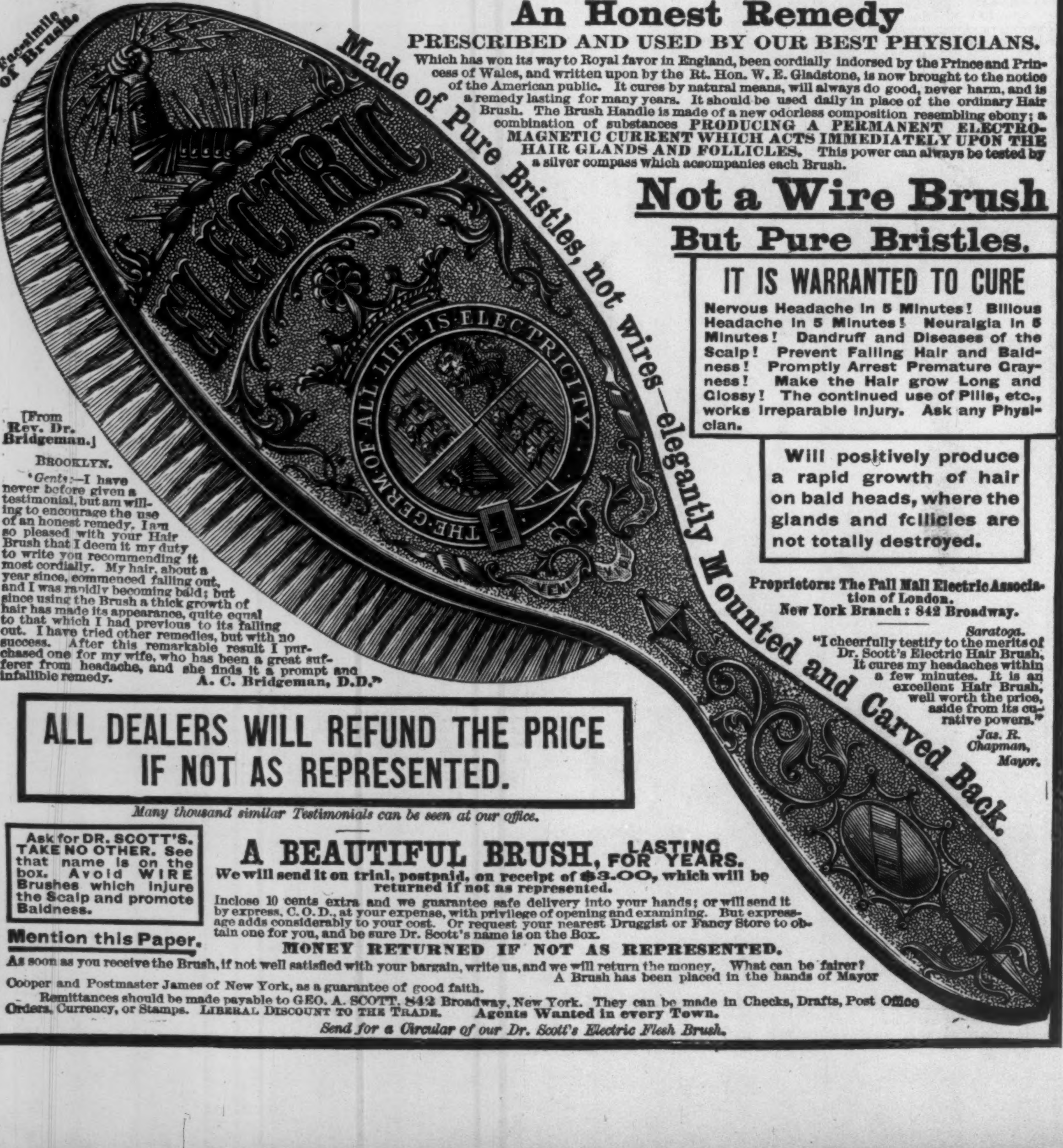
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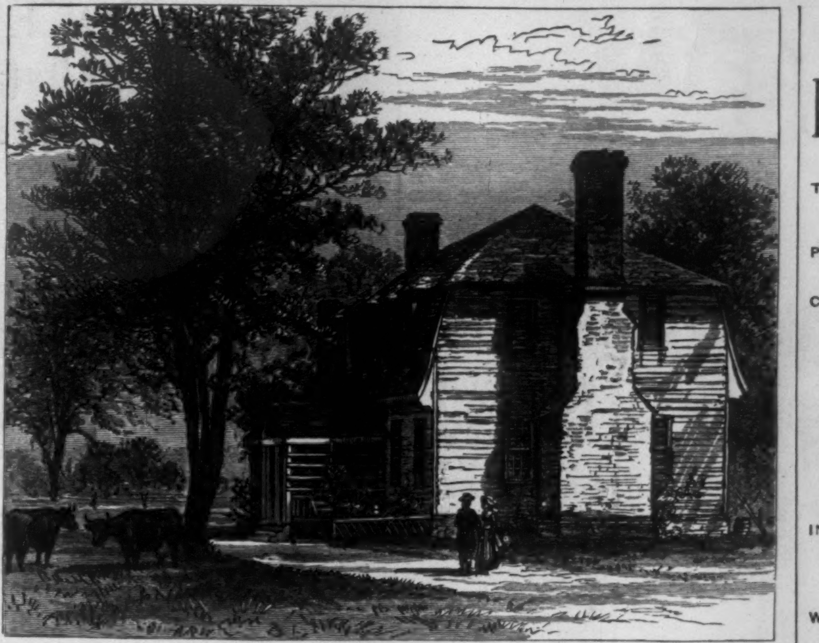

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